

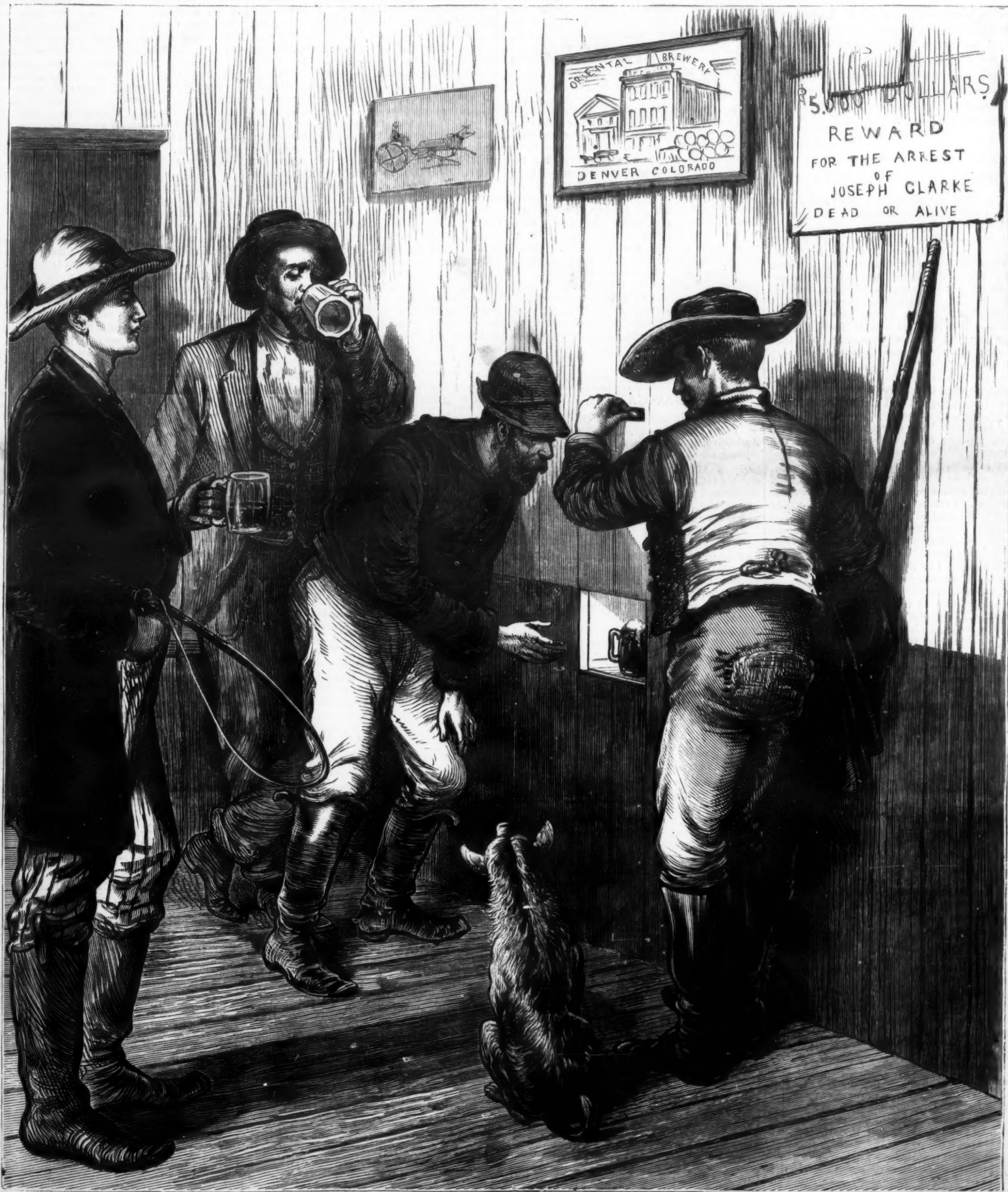
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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COLORADO.—EVADING THE LIQUOR LAW IN COLORADO SPRINGS, AS WITNESSED BY THE MEMBERS OF THE FRANK LESLIE TRANSCONTINENTAL EXCURSION PARTY.
FROM A SKETCH BY HARRY OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 303.

FRANK LESLIE'S
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 FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
 NEW YORK, JULY 7, 1877.

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With next week's issue of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER we shall present a splendid four-page Supplement portraying Queen Victoria surrounded by her children and grandchildren, a portrait group of unusual interest and value. The picture will be accompanied by an explanatory key giving the names of the several members of the Royal Family therein depicted.

EFFECTS OF THE PRESIDENT'S SOUTHERN PACIFICATION.

RECENT events have more fully developed the wisdom of the pacific course of President Hayes towards the Southern States. While Florida was unredeemed, and the military arm made superior to the civil power in South Carolina and Louisiana, the rest of the States below the Potomac were uneasy and suspicious of the Federal Government. During the entire administration of General Grant, even Virginia, among the first to rescue herself from military and political thralldom, felt that she was not secure from the encroachments of an Executive who might, at any time, line the James with bayonets, as the Czar lines, at will, the shores of the Vistula, on the flimsy pretense that the Poles are about to organize rebellion. The plain letter, to say nothing of the spirit, of the Constitution was so often disregarded, and the advocates of a centralization of political and judicial power so open and avowed, that such Gulf States as Georgia and Texas felt that permanent safety was by no means assured. Particularly did Mississippi share this feeling of distrust; for, having just escaped from the clutches of merciless plunderers, she found herself denounced by a Federal Executive, who should have rejoiced over her delivery from the worst species of vassalage.

The Southern people were, therefore, slow to place faith in the promise of the new President, when he declared, on the portico of the Federal Capitol, that the States so long subject to the rule of thieves and adventurers, and brought to the lowest condition of poverty by organized ignorance in the State halls of legislation, should be let alone by the General Government. The removal of the military forces from Columbia and New Orleans entirely banished all fear of future trouble from the minds of the whole Southern people. They did not regard this act of the President as one of policy, but of simple duty. He found, on his induction into office, United States troops occupying the Capitol of South Carolina, and encamped proximate to the Capitol of Louisiana. It required no constitutional expounder to decide that those troops were there without legal warrant. Mr. Hayes ordered them to the Government barracks, leaving the people to rule themselves. He did not undertake to say whether Hampton or Chamberlain, or Nicholls or Packard had been elected, nor meddle with the right of the State Legislatures to determine the qualifications of their own members. But that other and greater question presented itself to the President and his Cabinet: To whom of the claimants will the people of South Carolina and Louisiana voluntarily pay taxes? For, the best test of the Jeffersonian doctrine that governments derive their authority from the consent of the governed, is when men willingly pay their money for the support of those whom they have selected as temporary agents. This is the political and legal touchstone which at once settles the question as to a State Government being both *de facto* and *de jure* in its organization. It was evident to the President, prior to the withdrawal of the troops, that the taxpayers were vehemently in favor of Hampton and Nicholls, and this has been demonstrated since the rehabilitation of the States over which these Governors exercise authority.

One of the best evidences of the confidence which the people of the two former

downtrodden States have in their future, is the determination to sustain the public credit at any cost. The bare mention of the repudiation of bonds, however illegally issued, is scouted; and, however hard it may be, the burden of carrying debts created by a graceless set of carpetbaggers, held together, as Mr. Calhoun once said of his opponents, "by the cohesive power of public plunder," South Carolina and Louisiana have determined to fulfill the duty. The securities of those States were thrown upon the market for a song, but are to be redeemed dollar for dollar. Without particularizing the increase in value of South Carolina securities, we turn to those of Louisiana. In January last, consolidated bonds were selling at 50; within the past two weeks they have reached 92. And in New Orleans, where real estate was virtually confiscated by the taxgatherers of Warmoth and Kellogg, and could find few purchasers at any price, brighter prospects exist; and these will increase as recuperation goes on under the new Government, which has already made a reduction of taxes, and introduced other reformatory measures. Throughout the State, planters are beginning to look to the waste lands of their former great estates, and there are evident signs of early prosperity in a land that outrivals any part of Australia, which Jerrold said need only to "be tickled with a hoe to laugh with a harvest."

The truth is, the conciliatory, patriotic and constitutional course of the Administration has already worked wonderful changes in the South. The people have more confidence in the stability of a republican form of government when they are assured that the rights of the States are once more respected in Washington, and a more fraternal feeling, a sort of re-baptized Unionism, when a President born north of the Ohio plays the part of pacificator, and plays it well and honestly. These feelings will be increased by the late State's right charge of Chief Justice Waite on the trial of the Ellentown rioters, and the determination of the President to arrest and punish every thieving Cortina who organizes marauding bands in Tamaulipas and Coahuila to plunder the Texans along the Rio Grande.

OUR COMMERCE AND NAVIGATION.

THE graphic and comprehensive annual report of the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, just issued by Dr. Edward Young, the present able and efficient occupant of the position, is full of material for thoughtful consideration—both in its direct and its comparative statements. To digest these fairly in the space of a brief newspaper article is quite out of the question; but some gleanings from them may be made which will afford at least the latest and most reliable information on the important subjects treated. These are our import and export trade, American fisheries, immigration, and the statistics of American and foreign shipping engaged in our carrying trade.

We find the total amount of our import trade for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1876, reached a valuation of \$476,677,871, of which about one-third was not dutiable. The amount brought in foreign vessels was \$321,139,500, or about sixty-nine per cent. Of these importations, there were, raw and manufactured, of cotton, \$23,725,598; iron and steel, \$12,291,618; of fancy goods, etc., \$4,577,097; sugar, molasses, \$66,296,553; wines, spirits and cordials, \$6,594,551; tin, \$10,098,313; tobacco, \$6,158,548; of watches and watch-movements, \$1,456,809; and of wool, \$41,457,425. Of all the importations, the largest amount—\$176,279,227—is from Great Britain and her dependencies; the next largest—\$58,717,688—from Cuba; the smallest—\$78,251—from Liberia. It is to be remembered in this connection that the year under consideration was exceptional, in being that of the Centennial Exhibition. Meanwhile our domestic exports reached the figure of \$644,956,406; of which, however, about three-fourths were shipped in foreign vessels. These two items of shipments show very clearly the condition of the American carrying trade at the present juncture. As is the case with the imports, the lion's share of our export trade is with Great Britain and her dependencies, amounting to the sum of \$422,416,533; the next largest is with Germany, \$51,107,147; and the smallest with Greece, \$155,112; with France and her possessions it is \$48,327,066, being a trifle over \$5,000,000 against us; while as to our trade with Great Britain and her colonies, it is in our favor—being in the proportion of 70 per cent. in a total export and import trade of almost \$600,000,000. These figures are selected, and do not include the export trade in foreign commodities.

A few selected articles of product and manufacture illustrating our export trade may properly be offered here, as follows: Breadstuffs, \$131,181,553; cotton, and manufactures of, \$200,384,240; gold and silver, manufactures of, including coin

and bullion, \$50,115,892; iron and steel, \$13,454,514; petroleum oils, \$32,915,786; provisions, \$89,881,747; sugar and molasses, \$6,745,771; tallow, \$6,784,378; tobacco, \$25,570,538; wood and manufactures of, \$17,296,275. Considering the growing interest which is being felt in the South American trade, it is important to observe that, while we imported from South and Central America in 1875-76 goods to the amount of \$66,249,137, our export trade to those countries amounted to less than one-third of that sum, or \$21,542,027. From the report as to our foreign commerce we gather that, while our foreign trade is at present largely in our favor, the increase serves to give employment mainly to foreign shipping—a situation assuredly anomalous; and one that implies a condition of things to correct which the application of "protection" is certainly in order. We further note that in the matter of the South American trade, we are far behind other countries in the sale of our own goods, while we import very largely from our South American neighbors—paying for their commodities, of course, in gold instead of merchandise. It is reasonably believed that the establishment of the one or two projected lines of steamers to the countries in question will give a strong impetus to trade in this direction. Our goods, when offered in South American markets, meet with a ready and profitable sale; and it is within our own knowledge that a recent journey of a "commercial traveler" met with the disposal of fabrics alone to the amount of \$150,000 in certain of the South American cities. Further, we are informed of orders for samples of American stationery being forwarded to a large house in this city, in that line, by the roundabout way of Germany. But there is so much feeling being aroused as to this subject among our leading merchants and manufacturers, that there is little occasion for fear that the present state of things will exist much longer.

It is proper to mention that the amount received by the United States Government in duties on the entire importations of \$480,293,273 was \$145,178,602, and that the product of the American fisheries was \$13,283,250. Turning finally to Dr. Young's report, to consider the subject of "Immigration," we find some interesting statistics, which may be briefly given. The total immigration for the year ending June 30th, 1876, was 169,986, of which 82,373 came to New York. 31,334 to Huron, Mich.; 24,080 to San Francisco (Chinese), 9,711 to Boston and Charlestown, Mass.; 7,812 to Philadelphia, 5,093 to Baltimore, and the remainder scattering. As to nationality—48,866 were from Great Britain and dependencies, 31,937 from Germany, 5,646 Austria, 5,603 Sweden, 5,173 Norway, 8,002 France, 2,910 Italy, 20,317 Canada, 22,781 China. Concerning occupations, we find 88 actors, 12 authors, 88 chemists, 1 chiropodist, 417 clergymen, 5 dancing-masters, 39 dentists, 421 musicians, 2 taxidermists, 301 teachers, 156 barbers, 2,631 carpenters, 325 coopers, 218 dressmakers, 2,054 iron miners, 1 playwright, 14,536 farmers, 17 jockeys, 1 librarian, 38,847 laborers, 6,493 servants, and 313 Sisters of Charity and Mercy and nuns. The large proportion of 70,201 are set down as "without occupation." The immigration of 169,986 shows a falling off of 57,582 from the previous years, there having also been a steady decrease since 1873, and the present figure being the smallest since 1867.

ARTISTS AND AUCTIONS.

THE exhibition at the Academy of Design, which has recently closed, has certainly been one of the best that has been known in the history of that institution. It was largely attended, and the public interest was especially directed towards its attractions. But of the six hundred and seventy pictures on view, nearly two-thirds of which number were for sale, only about sixty found purchasers, and most of these at a considerable discount from the catalogue price. This result was doubtless a great disappointment to many of the artists, who relied upon the sale of at least a part of their contributions. These gentlemen do not paint for fame alone. They are not content with the praises of the critics and the admiration of the crowd. Such tributes to their ability are certainly acceptable, but more welcome yet is the sight of the printed ticket "sold" upon their pictures.

The cause of this unfortunate state of things for the artists is not to be found exclusively in the general depression of business. There have been other influences at work which have prevented purchasers from availing themselves of the peculiar advantages offered them at the Academy, and which will check sales by the artists from their studios. These have arisen from the growing tendency of artists to resort to the auction-rooms as a means of disposing of their works. The result of this has been a natural expectation on the part of that portion of the public who are picture-buyers that there would be rare bargains after the close of

the exhibition, and that it was, therefore, poor policy to buy until the highest bidder should have a chance to take the prize. Indeed, so confident were the auctioneers of this arrangement that one of them actually hired a hall in anticipation of his share of the spoils in the shape of commissions, and picture-buyers were advised by these gentlemen to await the certain result. And, within a few days of the close of the exhibition, a number of the principal artists found it necessary to publish a card disavowing any intention of selling their pictures by auction.

Now no more ruinous policy could well be devised for the artists than the system which some have adopted of painting a number of pictures to be sold under the hammer to the highest bidder. The effect is inevitably to beget a feverish and unsatisfactory feeling on the part of the artist who adopts this method of disposing of his works. He is continually looking forward to the chances of the auction, as the stock-speculator looks forward to the results of his ventures. Pictures by other than famous artists are of very uncertain value in an auction-room. They are not like sheetings or sugar, or boots and shoes, that bring within a fraction of their market price. The visitor to the painter's studio, who sees a picture that pleases him, hesitates to buy it at a fair price, if he knows that similar canvases are soon to be sold by order of the artist himself, at perhaps any sacrifice; and the tendency of the whole system is to throw the picture business into the hands of the auctioneers.

It may be said that there is no other way by which a young and unknown artist can bring his pictures before the public; and that he must realize upon his work, for he must live. But the auction-room is not the place in which to build up a reputation as an artist, and whatever may be done in individual cases, under peculiar circumstances, to keep the wolf from the door, it is the regular dependence upon auction sales as an outlet for the artists' work that is so injurious to their interests. It would be well if some plan could be devised to bring the work of our artists more thoroughly and continuously to the notice of picture-buyers. The Academy Exhibition is of short duration, and it does not seem practicable to make it longer. One of the London water-color societies has adopted the plan of a continuous exhibition of pictures for sale, and it has proved quite successful. In London and Paris the number of dealers upon whom the artist can depend as customers, even at moderate prices, is large compared with those in our principal cities. Any plan which will bring the buyer in direct contact with the artist is desirable, and the employment of a competent and trustworthy agent, who is familiar with the works of the different artists, is perhaps the best method for all concerned.

The auction-room, of course, has its legitimate office. When private collections of pictures are obliged to be sold at the best price, they must come under the hammer. Then there are the worthless daubs, such as are hawked about the streets, from door to door, and sold at the best offer made. These naturally find their way to the auction-room, and, under strong gaslight and with the aid of the glib tongue of the auctioneer who descends upon their merits, are bought by ignorant persons at what seem to them great bargains. But the pictures which are brought under the hammer ought to be confined to those which must be sold at any rate, and those which really ought not to be sold at all. The true artist should shrink from adopting so objectionable a method of realizing from his work, and should look upon the auction-room as but one remove from the pawnbroker's. It would be well for art if the public held the same opinion.

IMPROVEMENTS IN COLLEGE ARCHITECTURE.

IN former days the first idea in connection with the buildings that were to enshrine an American college was the erection of a species of barracks for the accommodation of the students. Utility and economy were the guiding principles, and taste was utterly discarded. Hence the structures were usually hideous to the eye and utterly devoid of anything that could educate the artistic spirit of the youthful seeker after knowledge. It is not necessary to particularize in our search for examples. All the colleges in the last century bore a dreary uniformity in the stone and brick parallelograms that crowned the academic campus. Many a monument of this utter lack of a refining taste still defaces the fair sites of our universities and colleges, and pleads for the hand of the iconoclast who has sworn to spare naught that is a blot on the face of nature.

Happily the last quarter of a century has seen a change for the better. The beneficence of private individuals has found a method of benefiting the cause of education

and cultivating the esthetic side of humanity by giving liberally to the erection of chapels, libraries, memorial halls and other like structures, for which the judgment of the trained architect has been called into requisition. The ancient sites of Yale, Harvard and Princeton have been adorned by edifices which not only attract the embryo collegian but makes the graduates sigh because their student days were not surrounded by such elevating influences. The younger colleges have caught the same spirit. Cornell University boasts a number of fine structures which only lack uniformity of plan to become an impressive unit. This latter fault has been remedied by Trinity College, at Hartford, which is erecting a magnificent series of buildings on a new site, and has called in to her aid one of the ablest architects of England. It is believed that Columbia College, in the City of New York, is nursing her large wealth carefully, with a view to crown her century and a quarter of life with a colony of structures which shall at once illustrate her university plan, and be a source of pride to her patrons and culture to her sons.

The money expended in this direction is a wise and safe investment. If a young man who at home is accustomed to the refinements of art, is suddenly thrust into the corner of a rough stone barn, whose bare, square walls exclude all thought of artistic development, the influence cannot be beneficial, but the reverse. If, on the other hand, his eyes at every turn drink in the teachings of architectural taste, he is being unconsciously educated by the dumb preceptors that surround him. It must be remembered here that he is sent to college to be educated—not to receive one-sided instruction in such and such studies, but to be trained up in all things to a higher standard of culture than he has yet reached. Formerly a little Latin, Greek and mathematics was the sum of collegiate instruction. Now the curriculum is enlarged in all directions, and in our larger colleges there is no limit, except the mental capacity of individuals, to the extent of the educational field. It is a noticeable coincidence that the improvement in college architecture is coeval with the enlargement of the collegiate curriculum. There seems to have been an unconscious agreement among the friends of education that if they proposed to make the student a man of learning—in the broad and comprehensive meaning of the term—they must surround him with such influences as were best calculated to develop the higher tastes. Instead of the square room where prayers were hastily gone over by half-awakened students by the light of tallow-chips, we now have the elegant Gothic chapel where the outward courtesies of manhood, to speak of nothing higher, are naturally expected, and the bare upper room that once served as a library, have given place to a magnificent structure of stone, whose cozy alcoves invite to scholarly research. From such influences a cultured and liberal race of men must come.

One of the lessons of these later days is that the exercise of taste in architecture does not necessarily involve extravagance of outlay. This is an important consideration that we take pleasure in commending to college trustees and the benefactors of educational institutions. It is a cheering sign of the times to find so many wealthy men ready to give liberally to our colleges and schools, and it is encouraging also to see that their liberality takes the form of architectural donations. There could be no higher testimony of the influences of tastes. In this era of generosity there can be no excuse for adhering to the too practical ideas of our fathers and despising the adventitious aids of art. On the contrary, it is in every way desirable that the American youth shall have at their back all the influences that can refine the intellect and cultivate the taste.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE LAST SENSATION.—A social controversy, involving some peculiar considerations of race and individuality, has been waging with considerable acrimony in the community during the past ten days, the vital principle of which is the rights and obligations of hotel-keepers. It is presumed that the Civil Rights Bill is competent to decide all mooted points in this connection. As the subject, however, has been universally agitated, we feel ourselves constrained, as unprejudiced illustrators of the news of the day, to present portraits of the two gentlemen most prominently connected with it, which will be found on another page of this issue.

THE SIOUX.—The War Department is arranging to transfer the Sioux to a permanent abiding-place on the Missouri River. Should any intractability on the part of the Sioux manifest itself, there is serious apprehension in official quarters that, in view of the depleted and therefore insufficient strength of the army on the frontier, the whole Indian business in the Northwest may be involved in grave and dangerous complications. In cases of discontent among the tribes it is thought encouragement to rebellion will be given them by the "squa men," or renegade whites, acting as interpreters and telling them of the weakened condition of the army as published in the newspapers. The army

is the only agency the Indians really dread. Further consultations will be held by the War and Indian Departments to meet the requirements of the present emergency.

THE PARIS TREATY.—The Secretary of State received a letter recently from a gentleman in Boston asking his view in reference to the advisability of the United States declaring her adhesion to what is known as the Declaration of Paris in regard to privateering. The Cobden Club of London appears by recent dispatches to be moving in the same direction. Secretary Everts replied to the letter in question that the Government of the United States could not enter into the discussion of diplomatic questions with individuals; that the question of privateering is a subject of grave international importance, and the Government will not be justified in advancing principles other than those now established by usage and treaty stipulations. If the question should come up as one for practical consideration growing out of actual points at issue, Mr. Everts said the Government may then see fit to announce its views.

THE CANADA INDIANS.—Some time during July or August of this year the Canadian Government will hold a grand council with the Indian tribes inhabiting the region north of Dakota and Montana, lying within the territory of Manitoba. It is understood that Lord Dufferin, the Governor-General, will be present, and that the chief purpose of the council will be to obtain a cession of territory from the Indians. The number of savages included in the tribes to be represented at the council is supposed to be about 30,000. The Canadian authorities have been so uniformly successful in their treatment of the Indians in avoiding wars and establishing relations satisfactory to the red men, as well as the whites, that the methods they employ could not doubt be studied with profit by our Government. It is suggested that it would be a good idea for our Interior Department to dispatch a representative to the council to observe and report.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—Thus far Secretary Everts has no official information of any change of purpose on the part of the French Government concerning the Paris Exposition. All the communications received give assurances that the fair will be held next year, as announced. In and out the State Department, however, the opinion gathers strength that a postponement will be decided upon before long. In addition to the war exciting all Europe and likely to prove an insuperable obstacle to holding a satisfactory Exhibition there is now a new difficulty in the political crisis in France. The elections which will follow the dissolution of the Assembly will greatly agitate the country and make it impossible to develop that degree of interest in the fair which is essential to its success. Holding this view it is natural that the department should hesitate about appointing a Provisional Commission. No steps towards organizing such a Commission have been taken yet.

A REMARKABLE MONUMENT.—This age is being specially marked by discoveries of ancient monuments and works of art. The State Department recently received a communication from General John Meredith Reed, Chargé d'Affaires at Athens, reporting the discovery by M. Stephen Commandaris, the leading Secretary of the Archaeological Society of Athens, of the monument mentioned by Thucydides, as having been erected by Pisistratus, son of Hippias, and grandson of the tyrant, Pisistratus. The stone, which was lying neglected on the right bank of the Ilissus, southwest of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, bears an inscription, of which the following is the translation: "This monument, upon his advent to power, Pisistratus, the son of Hippias, has dedicated in the Temple of Apollo Pythius." The discovery of this remarkable stone fixes the site of the Temple of Apollo Pythius, which was hitherto unknown. The monument has been purchased by the Archaeological Society, and will be immediately transferred to the Museum of Varvakeion.

POSTAL REDUCTIONS.—At the last session of Congress the estimate of the Post Office Department in regard to the appropriation which would be needed for letter-carrier service during the next fiscal year was cut down from \$2,110,000 to \$1,825,000, or \$75,000 less than the appropriation for the present fiscal year. This makes it necessary for the Postmaster-General to reduce the number of carriers now employed or to reduce the pay of all. Reluctant in these times of general depression to discharge any considerable number of efficient men, and also regarding them as poorly paid for their arduous labors, he submitted through the cities where letter-carriers are employed, some time ago, the question whether the letter-carriers themselves preferred a reduction in their numbers or a small reduction in the pay of each. The replies so far as received, have all been in favor of the reduction of pay in preference to discharge. In accordance with this expression by those most interested, and believing it for the best interests of the service, the public, and the carriers themselves, an order will be prepared cutting down all carrier's salaries.

THE MEXICAN QUESTION.—A sensational story was in circulation last week, to the effect that the Administration had resolved on a new policy on the Mexican boundary troubles, which promised a new line on the map between the United States and Mexico. The story is pronounced at the State Department to be a fabrication without even the remotest foundation in fact. The assertion that the whole force of this Government is to be exerted towards the acquisition of the Northern States of Mexico furnishes a contradiction on its own face; but a most explicit denial is made that any such step in the so-called new policy has ever been contemplated by the Government. It has not been proposed by the President nor any member of his Cabinet, nor has it ever been discussed in Cabinet meeting. There is, it is said, abundant corroborative evidence of this furnished in response to inquiries made in official quarters. The Administration has not considered the preliminary question

even of altering the line as a solution of the border difficulty, to say nothing of any decision to make a change with the whole force of the Government. On the contrary, quite an opposite solution is anticipated as the result of the true course which is being pursued, and which is known to the public in official dispatches.

THE EASTERN SITUATION.—Notwithstanding the sluggish progress of the Eastern war, it is not generally believed that the contest, when once fairly begun, will be of long duration. A London correspondent at Constantinople predicts that if the present Turkish Government can maintain itself it will make peace with Russia as soon as the people have been sufficiently humbled by one or two crushing Russian victories. The Russians, he says, will be content with the cession of Batoum and a portion of Armenia, and with the free passage of the Dardanelles, but they will be content with nothing less. If they are very successful, and the Turks are very much depressed, they may demand a large portion of the Turkish ironclad fleet. It is probable that they will be moderate, and equally probable that the Turks will be yielding. It will suit Russia, who has been striving to win Constantinople for a hundred and fifty years, to advance some ten or fifteen years nearer to the fruition of her wishes. It will suit the present rulers of Turkey to get a fresh lease of power, at no matter what sacrifice. The discontent in the provinces, he continues, is immense. The entire provincial population is ready to demand the dismissal of Redif Pasha, the War Minister, and Mahmoud Damad, the Marshal of the Palace. The Sultan knows not what to do with regard to these men. He dares not dismiss them; he dares not even accept their resignation, lest he should lead the populace to demand still further concessions. On the other hand, he dreads a popular outbreak, which must be crushed with such cruelty as would still further alienate from Turkey the sympathy and support of the Western nations. The thoughts of the people turn continually towards the ex-Sultan Mourad. They know that if his health is not absolutely restored it is greatly improved. The wildest rumors are in circulation as to the conduct of the present Sultan, and as to his legitimacy. Mourad was deposed solely for assumed incapacity. If he were to present himself to the public his deposition would become a dead letter.

THE LATE CHARLES F. BRIGGS.—The sudden death, from heart disease, on the night of June 20th, of Charles Frederick Briggs, sent a pang of sincere sorrow through the whole literary and journalistic community in this city. Mr. Briggs was a veteran writer, his literary career dating back as far as the early part of the first half of this century. His novel of "Harry Franco" created a sensation thirty-eight years ago, and its title was for many years after his well-known *nom de plume*. In 1844, Mr. Briggs started the *Broadway Journal*, in partnership with Edgar A. Poe, but the venture did not succeed. The biography of Poe in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* was from the pen of Mr. Briggs. At this time he was an extensive contributor to the magazines, and his novels of "The Haunted Merchant" and "The Trippings of Tom Pepper," gained him a wide celebrity. From 1853 to 1856 Mr. Briggs was associated with George W. Curtis and Parke Godwin in editing *Putnam's Magazine*, and when that periodical was revived in 1869, he resumed its management. In 1859 he was managing editor of the *New York Times*, under Henry J. Raymond, which position he resigned to accept a place in the Custom House. Journalism, however, was his favorite occupation, and in 1870 he joined the editorial staff of the *Brooklyn Union*, which he left in 1874 for the *Independent*. For upwards of a year past he had been a regular and highly valued contributor to the editorial columns of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. On Wednesday, June 20th, Mr. Briggs was occupied as usual through the day, and passed the evening pleasantly with his family; but at midnight he was a corpse. His long career had been one of satisfaction and success, his modest ambition being set far within the limits of his capacity. His genial nature made him a universal favorite, despite the apparent tendency which Lowell attributed to him in his "Fable for Critics," to "say very sharp things and do very blunt." He was a newspaper writer of accomplished skill, wielding a wonderfully facile pen, and possessing a remarkably well-trained, tenacious and ready memory. He was an indefatigable worker, and died after a well-spent life, literally "in the harness," aged nearly seventy-three years.

A SHARP REPORT.—A number of very unwholesome facts, connected with our public service, have just been brought to light by a special committee, which the Secretary of the Treasury appointed to investigate the affairs of the Bureau of Printing and Engraving. Their investigations show that the force of the bureau has for many years been in excess of the requirements of the work, and that this was the case even when the work was greatest; that in some divisions it was for a number of years twice, and in others three times, as great as necessary. The whole system seems to have revolved in a vicious circle. Appropriations have been secured by making appointments for Congressmen, without regard to the fitness of the appointees, or the necessities of the work; and, when secured, they have been expended in such manner as to retain the goodwill of those already friendly, or to secure that of others. Moreover, the bureau has been made to subservise, to a great extent, the purpose of an almshouse or asylum for outside parties. They say that in contracting with private companies for the printing of the public securities, great regard should be had to their standing, experience and facilities for doing first-class work. The singular fact is presented of the existence of a bureau, the largest, as well as the most expensive of any of the bureaus of the department, whose chief receives a compensation of \$4,500 per annum, but is neither appointed by the President nor subject to confirmation, for which there is no provision of law specifically authorizing its creation or defining the duties of its officers and employees, or limiting their numbers. The conclusion is as follows: "The

report has been written upon the assumption that the bureau is to be continued, and that the principal purpose of our investigations has been to correct the abuses which have grown up in it. But to our minds its past history, the looseness and extravagance which have marked its management, and the scandals to which it has given rise, furnish the strongest possible argument against the engagement of the Government in branches of industry which are ordinarily left to private enterprise. In the Treasury Department especially, the efficiency of the supervision of its chief authorities is greatly impaired by the vastness of the field which its administration covers. It would be a wise measure to relegate, into private hands, the entire business of printing the public securities, and to confine the functions of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing to imprinting thereon the seal of the department, simply as the final authentication of their genuineness."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL was appointed to and accepted the Spanish mission.

Governor HAMPTON attended the reunion of the Shield's Guard at Auburn, N. Y., on the 21st.

FOURTEEN illicit distilleries were seized by Revenue agents in Tennessee during the past week.

THE New York State Medical Society held its annual meeting at Albany, beginning on the 19th.

SIX Molly Maguires were hanged at Pottsville, Pa., four at Mauch Chunk, Pa., and one at Wilkesbarre, Pa., on the 21st.

A VIGILANCE COMMITTEE of large proportions was formed in Indiana, and published a warning to murderers, robbers, counterfeiters and incendiaries.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, of Buffalo, was elected President of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, at the convention held in Syracuse.

THE President and Cabinet reopened the contest over the Consolidated Illinois Pension Agency, and decided to retain Miss Ida Sweet, the agent in Chicago, where the office is located.

GENERAL ORD, commanding the military department of Texas, was visited by General Trevino, of the Mexican army, and the recent instructions of the Cabinet were satisfactorily explained.

An application was granted for a receiver for the State National Bank of Missouri; the Rockland (N. Y.) Savings Bank failed; and the Dry Goods Bank, New York City, is to be wound up at once.

THE Post Office Department completed arrangements for the establishment of 229 additional money-order offices, which will go into operation July 24. It is expected that 200 more will be opened in October.

DURING the past week the price of gold fluctuated as follows: Monday, 105 1/4 @ 105 1/2; Tuesday, 105 1/4 @ 105 1/4; Wednesday, 105 1/4; Thursday, 105 1/4 @ 105 1/4; Friday, 105 1/4 @ 105 1/4; Saturday, 105 1/4 @ 105 1/4.

THE Rev. Dr. T. H. Gregg, until recently vicar of East Harborne, Birmingham, under the Church of England, was consecrated a Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church of Great Britain and Ireland, in New York City on the 20th.

AN Indian outbreak occurred in Idaho on the 14th, and all available troops on the Pacific were forwarded to General Howard. Colonel Perry commanding at Fort Lapwai engaged the Indians on the 19th. His troops were defeated with the loss of a captain and twenty-seven men. There is prospect of another disastrous Indian war. At the same time an uprising was reported at the Black Hills section.

Foreign.

THE obsequies of the late Queen of the Netherlands occurred at The Hague on the 20th.

THE Archbishops of Agram and Vienna (Austria), and Bologna (Italy) were raised to the dignity of Cardinals.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH and Mrs. Bessent were tried and convicted in London on a charge of circulating an immoral publication.

A TREATY was concluded between Russia and Serbia enabling the former to transport troops through the territory of the latter.

RUSSIA authorized a new loan of \$160,000,000, to be paid off in forty-nine years, through the aid of a special sinking-fund, to be created.

THE Government of Norway and Sweden issued a proclamation of neutrality, and the Chambers made a grant of 2,000,000 crowns to strengthen the military and naval forces of the kingdom.

MR. LAYARD, British Ambassador to the Porte, counseled the Sultan to make peace immediately. It is said that all the Ministers, except Redif Pasha, who holds the War Portfolio, favors peace.

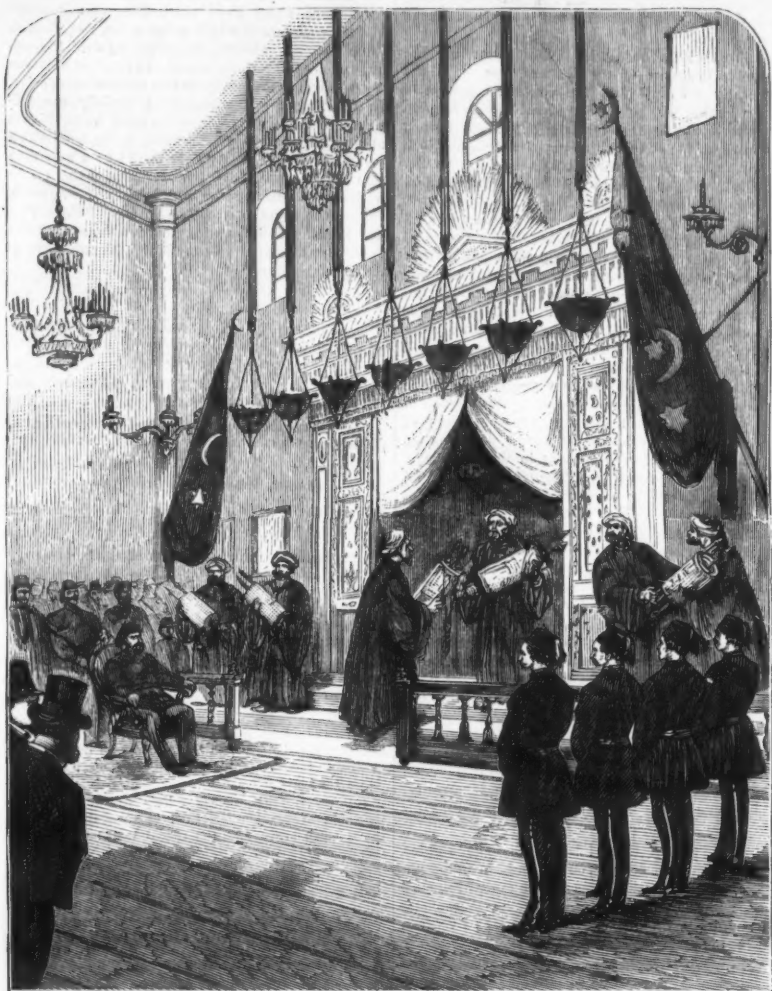
THE British Cabinet held an important session at which a proposition to send a large army to the East immediately was discussed. It is supposed that the movement contemplates the occupation of Egypt, but not as an act of menace to the Sultan, and that the eventual terms of peace will include an English protectorate over Egypt.

GENERAL GRANT received a communication from Queen Victoria, saying that she would shortly have the pleasure of receiving him as an ex-sovereign. He attended a special performance at the Royal Italian Opera, London, on the 22d, appearing, for the first time, in the full uniform of a major-general. He left early, to attend the Queen's ball at Buckingham Palace.

At the reopening of the French Chambers a message was received from the President proposing the dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies. The Duke Decazes declared that the foreign policy of the Republic would remain pacific. On the 19th the Deputies censured the Ministry by a heavy majority. On the following day a special committee reported in favor of dissolution, when a protracted debate occurred, and on the 22d the motion to dissolve was carried by a vote of 150 to 130.

THE Turks were again defeated by the Montenegrins in an engagement precipitated by themselves on the 15th, and continued throughout the 16th. On the Danube cannonading continued at Rustchuk and Widin. The river continued to rise and overflow its banks opposite Simnitza, where the Russians were concentrating. An important battle has been fought in Armenia between the Turks and the Russians resulting in the total rout of the former. The Emperor of Morocco refused to send a military contingent to aid the Sultan.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 303.



TURKEY.—JEWS IN CONSTANTINOPLE OFFERING PRAYERS FOR THE SUCCESS OF THE TURKISH ARMS.



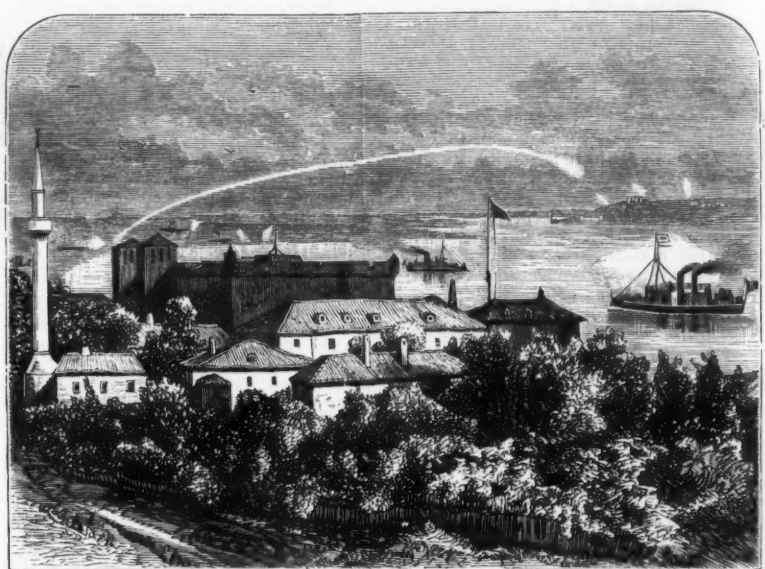
TURKEY.—A MOUNTAIN BATTERY LEAVING CONSTANTINOPLE FOR THE DEFENSE OF THE BALKANS.



ROUMANIA.—COSSACKS ENTRENCHING BEHIND THEIR TRAINED HORSES.



ENGLAND.—CHELSEA PENSIONERS SALUTING THE STATUE OF CHARLES II.



ROUMANIA.—ARTILLERY DUEL BETWEEN THE BATTERIES AT KALAFAT AND WIDIN.



ROUMANIA.—SOUNDING "BOOT AND SADDLE" IN THE COSSACK CAMP NEAR GALATZ.



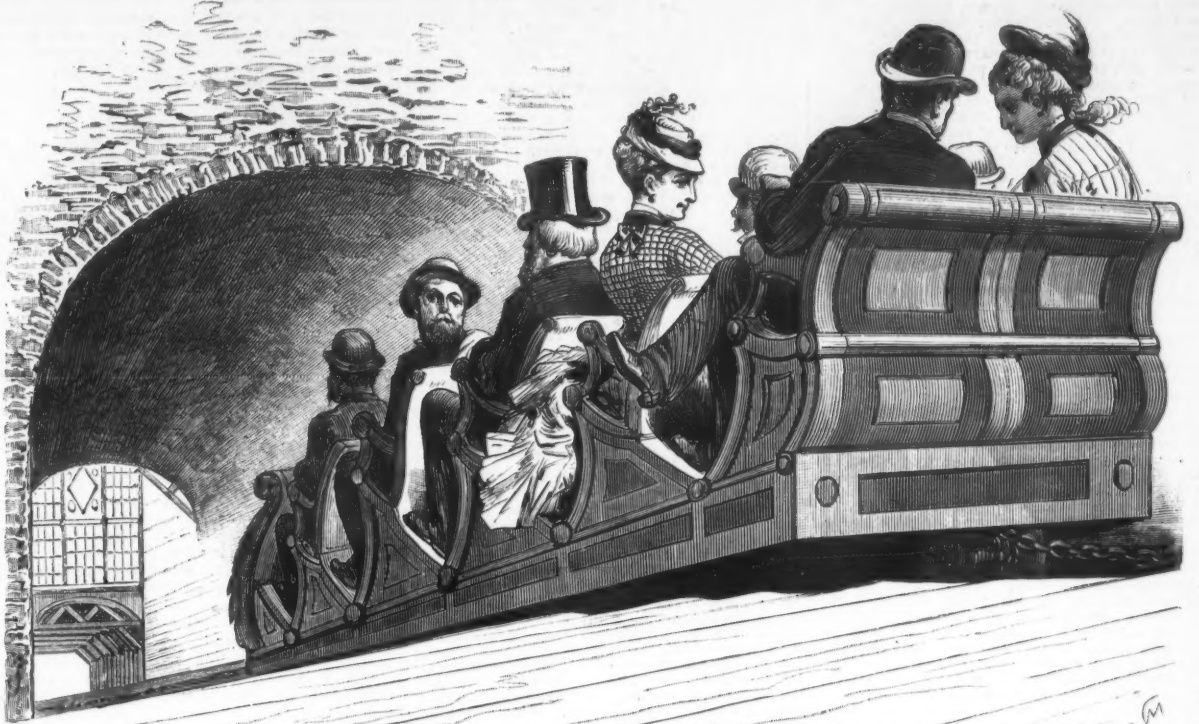
GERMANY.—THE EMPEROR WILLIAM THANKING FIELD MARSHAL VON MOLTKE ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF REZONVILLE.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

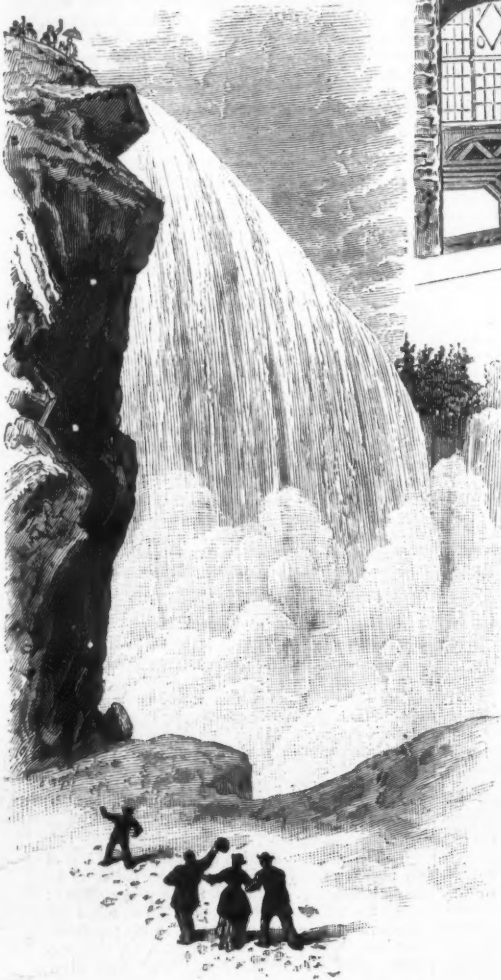
THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC.

IMPRESSIONS ON THE ROUTE FROM NEW YORK TO NIAGARA.

WHEN the last spike was driven home on the 10th of May, 1869, uniting the two branches of the great iron highway across the Continent, a new era dawned on the history of travel. Space was no longer an obstacle. Time was, to a certain extent, controlled, and the attention of thinking men was directed to expedients for utilizing so much of the latter as must necessarily be consumed in long journeys. An impetus was given to car-building of a more sumptuous character, and the comfort of the traveler was at length made the objective point of the artisan. A trip across the Continent could never become popular until some scheme was devised by which the tedium of the journey would be neutralized, and the saloon of a passenger-coach made to resemble a person's own parlor. The efforts in this direction of rival companies have at



DESCENDING THE INCLINED RAILWAY AT NIAGARA FALLS.



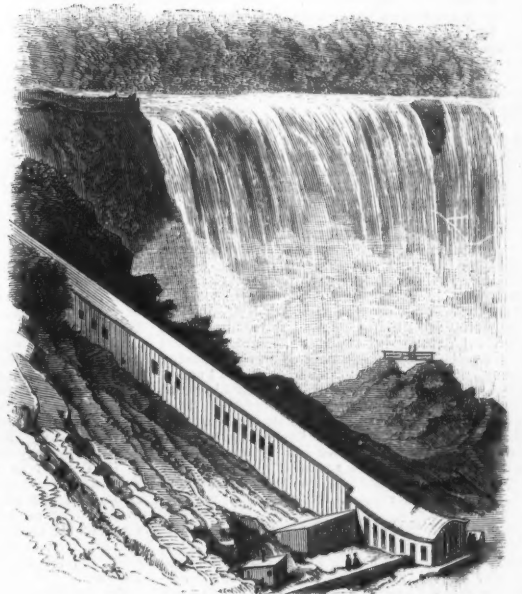
A SNOWBALLING FROLIC AT NIAGARA FALLS.



A WOULD-BE VISITOR AT ALBION, N. Y.



A LADY ON THE ICE AT NIAGARA FALLS.



EXTERIOR OF THE INCLINED RAILWAY AT NIAGARA FALLS.



THE CHAIN OF LOCKS AT LOCKPORT, N. Y., AS PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TRAIN.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FRANK LESLIE TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROAD EXCURSION—SCENES AND INCIDENTS ON THE ROUTE FROM NEW YORK TO NIAGARA FALLS.—FROM SKETCHES BY HARRY OGDEN AND W. YEAGER.

length brought the construction of palace-cars as near perfection as our present knowledge of rail-roading will permit. It was, therefore, with feelings of unalloyed pleasure that our little party assembled at the Grand Central Depot, New York, on the 10th of April, for the purpose of making the transcendent tour. The depot itself was suggestive—an appropriate monument to the enterprise of America's great railroad king; it bespoke the extent and importance of that mighty artery of trade and commerce over which we were about to be conveyed. Cornelius Vanderbilt was a benefactor to the City of New York, to the State and to the country. This, his greatest work, has bound the Hudson River to Lake Erie with a four-fold iron cord, which daily draws the wealth of the West to the East, and returns it in supplies from the seaboard, for the mutual benefit of both sections and of their inhabitants. When he died the continuance of his work was a far more important legacy to his eldest son than the millions represented by his railroad shares. As we travel over the road we will see how faithfully and well this trust is performed.

We are now seated in our luxurious Wagner drawing-room and sleeping-car, surrounded by every possible comfort. Here are our chairs, sofas, divans, mirrors, tables; in fact, our drawing-room, as it is rightly named, and there are the means for changing it, by the magical wands in the hands of experienced servants, into a series of sleeping apartments with baths and dressing-rooms belonging to them. No disturbing conductor is to shout at night, "Passengers, change cars!" Our chief looks around with an air of satisfaction upon all this, and he cannot but be more than gratified when he reads his own name emblazoned upon his new home; for Mr. Wagner has christened it the "Frank Leslie." Mr. Leslie intends to combine the *utile* and the *dulce*. Mrs. Leslie is all observant, intending, on her return to New York, to record her experiences in a book. The two young ladies who accompany her are bent on pleasure alone; some scientific gentlemen will doubtless find satisfaction in meteorological experiments, metallurgy, bugs and fishes, while the photographers and artists will everywhere meet objects to engage their attention. There are twelve of us according to the muster-roll. We leave punctually at 8:30 o'clock in the evening. The first startling incident is a terrific explosion of a battery under our wheels, caused by the train passing over some torpedoes laid upon the track, by which we are made to fire our own salute as we depart. The gentlemen take it as a compliment, for which it was intended, the ladies regard it as a preliminary catastrophe, but the nerves of all are soon quieted and they sink into pleasant slumbers. And thus by night we pass along the banks of the Hudson so often viewed in its beauty and grandeur by day—so often, indeed, that frequency has robbed it of the charm it has for those less accustomed to its scenery.

Half awake and half asleep we glance from a window and read "Deveran House," by which we infer that we have arrived at Albany, and as daylight dawns upon us we find ourselves at Syracuse. At this point we first observe the grand construction of the railroad on which we are speeding with lightning rapidity, though with scarcely perceptible motion. Its broad, straight course is traversed, as far as the eye can discern, by four tracks of glistering steel rails; and ever and anon our train makes, for an instant, one of a quartet, as we simultaneously pass a freight-train going in our own westward course and encounter two trains driving in the opposite direction.

We were due at Rochester soon after ten o'clock, and, having made our toilets at leisure, we were induced to leave our home for half an hour, having accepted an invitation to breakfast at the Burnett House, on shore, where we found an abundant meal provided for all the travelers upon the train, excepting those whose early morning appetites had been satisfied with a more hasty meal at Syracuse, among whom were our photographers, who improved the time more pleasantly occupied by us in obtaining a view of the river Genesee, where it is crossed by the railroad bridge.

A DISAPPOINTED VISITOR.

Just after leaving the station at Albion, a few miles further West, we heard a hoarse shouting in the rear of our car, and on looking from the window we saw a little fat man chasing us at the top of his speed. He so much resembled the portraits we have of Mr. Pickwick that we could not but imagine that the old gentleman had returned to life and was pursuing his travels on this side of the Atlantic.

"Where's Frank Leslie?" he exclaimed. "I want to see him—stop—stop—stop—!" but here his breath and his legs failed him together, as our artist represents him, and he fell sprawling over the track upon the soft cushion of his ample stomach, with still uplifted hands and open mouth completing his last word—"stop!" Mr. Leslie threw out from the door a copy of the latest ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, and Pickwick slowly gathered himself up, seized the paper and waved a parting adieu.

A SWITCH-OFF.

Upon reaching Rochester we found an engine under steam in readiness to convey our party and our Wagner car to Niagara, where it had been arranged that we might spend a day and join at Buffalo a western train which left New York ten hours later than ourselves. Accordingly, while we were at breakfast our conductor had our car attached to the Niagara train, and when the meal was over we found ourselves being rapidly whirled in the direction of the Falls.

THE LOCKS OF LOCKPORT.

Lockport is the last stopping-place before we arrive at Niagara. Here are some of the most remarkable engineering results. The locks of the Erie Canal, at the time of their construction, were considered to be the triumph of skill in that direction, and they cannot be surveyed even now without admiration. Unwieldy barges, with their hundreds of tons of cargo, are raised in a few moments from the lower stream to a plane ninety feet above it.

The town itself is a busy place, full of factories and workshops, but our attention was most attracted to the locks which give such a picturesque addition to the scenery beyond it, where the railroad-bridge crosses the canal. To the left are five of these artificial basins, mounting like watery stairs upon that side of our way. The train was here stopped, so that our photographers might reproduce this wonderful effect for our readers.

ARRIVAL AT NIAGARA.

And now we catch our first glimpse of the broad lake, as, far north of us, it is mingled with the blue sky.

Like the horizon's fair decoy,
Where earth and heaven but seem, alas, to meet;

and then, rolling onwards, we approach the great cataract, whose unceasing work it is to throbb like a mighty artery as it pours the floods of the Erie into the bosom of the Ontario. The first impressions of

Niagara depend much upon the approaches to the scene. If regarded from the high Suspension Bridge of the railroad, a few miles below, the traveler experiences a feeling of disappointment; the height of the fall is diminished by the perspective, but when he comes to view it from a lower level, this disappointment is overcome by surprise at the sudden growth of the gigantic torrent. As we came towards it, we first saw a narrow strip of lazy, smooth, slow water of the deepest blue, just flecked here and there with streaks of foam, slipping away between steep gray walls of rock, not unlike the palisades of the Hudson; a light bridge is then seen spanning the straight clean-cut groove; now we catch the first sight of white pouring water, solid and immense, and a cloud of dense white steam hanging over the narrow blue river at what seems to be its source, and this is all of Niagara that we see from the Wagner car. We come here between two seasons. The winter is the season for Niagara—the summer that for the visitors. Could we have seen it when its shores were bound in icy fetters and have heard its thunders ascending and mingling with the anthems of the storm, we might have shivered upon its banks; but hearts must have been dull that would not have glowed with enthusiasm and have been brought into closer communion with the Great Spirit who first "moved upon the face of the waters," and whose eternal voice is ever echoing in the mighty roar of the cataract.

But Niagara at all seasons is indescribably magnificent. Viewed in solitude, when the empty halls and corridors of the great hotels appear to re-echo the ghostly merriment of departed visitors, a feeling akin to religion creeps over the soul, and but few can withstand, for the time, that feeling of reverence for the Unseen Spirit who holds the waters in the hollow of His hand and breaks up the fountains of the great deep. The pleasures of companionship and the whirl of busy life are not always the most appropriate accompaniments when contemplating the wonders of nature. There are numerous localities, each possessing its own merits, where splendid views of the cataract may be obtained, but we imagined that Prospect Point afforded the best effect of color. It was here that we received our first strong impressions in this regard. The intense blue-green of the smooth, narrow stream below the Falls; the snow-white foam and mist and flying spray, and the clear, deep, beryl tint of the Fall itself, are beautifully contrasted. Leaning on the parapet, we stared down into the chaos of white mist that shrouded the crash of the waters, and saw a bit of rainbow tangled in it. At the right of the Fall, and at its foot, there was piled up a great rounded hill of ice, an accumulation of the winter's frozen spray. We now entered a little open car which carried us on the incline railway to the base of the cataract, through a long tunnel, dark and damp, at an angle of thirty-three degrees. Upon this sloping plane we are depicted as apparently coasting into an unknown abyss. We emerged into the open air on a strip of sodden snow and ice at the water's edge, by the foot of the slippery hill, which several of our party, including an adventurous young lady, climbed, that we might obtain a better view of the Falls. Here we looked up at one hundred and sixty feet of massive waters, poured, as it were, out of the hollow of the blue sky, and scanned the steep precipice, where quaint figures, fashioned by the artistic hand of nature and icy stalactites, were lodged in the niches or hanging from the projections of the rocks. On our return to Prospect Point, the photographer's art was again brought into requisition. We afterwards crossed, on the great Suspension Bridge, to the Canadian side—in short, we beheld the wondrous cataract from every point of view, ever changing in its coloring and effect. The more we saw, the more conscious we became of our inability to tell the story to others. We clearly understand the incapacity of all painters to put it upon canvas. They show you the width and height, but they cannot convey the slightest idea of its thunder or of the grand poetry of its majestic motion. As we turn to re-pass the bridge, on our way to occupy our movable home again, we behold three men like flies suspended upon the wires of the bridge, which they are painting. Our draughtsman seized the opportunity to take their portraits, for which they obligingly gave him a hanging.

We left Niagara at a late hour in the afternoon. Despite the wonders of the Falls, we were glad to enounce ourselves in the luxurious apartments of the "Frank Leslie." We had enough of exercise for one day, and the poetry of motion, at least in a Wagner Drawing-room Car, was never more fully appreciated. Buffalo was reached in the evening, but the unusual exertions of the party during the forenoon indisposed them for further sight-seeing. Sound and refreshing slumber is the forerunner of enjoyment. On awaking the next morning the sun's rays were reflected into our windows from the polished surface of Lake Erie. Our way lay along its shores, on the road appropriately called "Lake Shore," which is a continuation of the New York Central, and is controlled by William H. Vanderbilt, who is bent upon making them both serve as the grand artery to the West. It is in splendid condition, fully equipped, and, as it has the advantage of immense local traffic, will, undoubtedly, overcome all competition. The lake was always on our right, while on our left were wooded prairies and cultivated farms, interspersed frequently with large towns and hamlets.

(To be continued.)

THAT DEAD LETTER.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—FIRE AND THIEF PROOF.

DINNER-HOUR in the manufacturing town of Middleton-upon-Irk; a hot Summer's day; the sun glaring upon huge warehouses of dull red brick, narrow, tortuous streets, the gilded minarets of our new town-hall—of which we Middletonsians are justly proud. All this I can see from my office-window, with a glimpse of the cocked hat of the bronze memorial to the late Prince Consort, who, in field-marshal's uniform, is holding a review of the arts and sciences, on a rearing charger. We are an energetic and thriving community at Middleton, although you might not think it just now, when our streets are all deserted and everybody is engaged in hard feeding. It is no fault of mine that I am not among the everybody. A premonitory engagement retains me at my post. I expect my Uncle Harry on business of importance, for which he has chosen the dinner-hour when no one is about.

My obligations to Uncle Harry are so great that his wishes are law to me, even when they involve the sacrifice of my dinner. He has been my guardian and my best friend. By his help I have been enabled to set up on my own account as a solicitor,

and, through his influence, I hope eventually to be provided with a respectable practice. He is a thriving merchant of our rising town, and one of the best fellows in the world, enterprising and speculative—perhaps rather too much of the last, but there is a cool confidence about him that generally brings him out right in the end. He has no children of his own, but has another ward, a niece of his wife's, one Kate Brown, between whom and myself, I may tell you, exists an attachment of long standing. When my practice brings in a sufficient income, Kate and I are to be married.

Altogether, in spite of the dusty, sultry air, the sleepy aspect of things, and the sense of something wanting caused by the neglected call to dinner, I felt as happy as a man could well desire to be; the future seemed bright and cheerful, and there was nothing in the present to cause me the slightest disquietude.

But something in my uncle's step upon the stairs gave me a kind of presentiment of coming misfortune. He came in, and threw himself into a chair; flung his hat upon the floor, and wiped his face with his handkerchief; an unaccustomed air of weariness and chagrin upon his face.

"All well at home?" I asked. "Aunt all right, and Kate?"

He nodded in an abstracted way, and flung a telegram across the table to me. It was from his London correspondent: "Gillies & Co.'s acceptances returned; regular smash; everybody connected with them will come down."

I remarked calmly that it was a very good thing that he was not connected with them.

"But I am, Jim; worse luck," he said; "we were operating in cotton together for a rise, and they have drawn upon me for a big figure."

I felt that this was bad news, and I did not know what to suggest. But presently Uncle Henry brightened up, and went on to say that, although this would no doubt hit him hard, yet that he could weather it, as long as his connection with the bankrupt firm was unknown. The bills that were now maturing, drawn upon him by Gillies & Co., were payable in London. He must raise ten thousand pounds to meet them, and this at once, and with the utmost secrecy. He could do this easily enough on the security of the title-deeds of the property he had in the town and neighborhood; his banker would advance the amount at once, but he did not want to go to his banker. He would not have it known for the world that he was raising money on his property. Better pay a heavier percentage for the loan, and deal with a money-lender unknown to the world of commerce. Could I find him some one to advance the money at once on these securities?

It was not without embarrassment that I replied that I thought I could put my hand on such a person at once. Some time before in my hot and foolish youth I had been led into betting a good deal on races, and losing, one Liverpool meeting, a good deal more than I could pay, was recommended to a money-lender, one Bob Hargreaves, of Howbent, who had relieved my pressing necessities at a sufficiently exorbitant rate of interest. Uncle Henry had subsequently very generously paid off all my debts without asking any questions, only exacting from me a promise to abstain from such courses for the future. Bob, it was well-known among the initiated, could find money to any amount if he could see his way to a good profit, and I had no doubt that he would jump at the prospect of getting both a high rate of interest and unexceptional security.

Hargreaves was an eccentric kind of a man, nominally a tailor, living the life of a recluse, and nervously apprehensive of having it known that he had any money at all of his own. There was no fear of any want of secrecy on his part. He did not bear the best character in the world, it is true, and it was said that he had acquired his money in a way that would scarcely bear investigation. But then you don't ask the character of a man who is going to lend you ten thousand pounds.

I telegraphed to Hargreaves to come over and see me, and next morning, at the appointed hour, I heard a tremendous thumping on the stairs, as if a heavy bedstead or something of that kind were being dragged up. Presently the door was cautiously held ajar, and a wizened face appeared in the opening.

Seeing that I was all alone, Bob—for he it was—whisked dexterously into the room, incumbered as he was by a crutch-handled stick in either hand, and brass-bound, wooden clogs on his feet. The amount of timber he carried accounted for the noise upon the stairs.

"Well, I'm here to oblige you, Master Turner; but if it's brass you want, you'll bear in mind I'm a poor man."

"Then you are no good to me," I replied, brusquely, "and you'd better go the way you came."

"Ay, but I can get a bit of money sometimes, thou knows. There's many thinks a deal of Bob Hargreaves. But at this minute, I'd take my Bible oath, I'm worth nothing but what I carry on my back."

According to appearance that was very little, for he was dressed in threadbare clothes of a dirty snuff-brown color; patched and mended, and that would have advantageously borne still more patching and mending. A greasy black cloth cap was on his head, and the only solid thing about him was a heavy cowskin waistcoat, strangely out of keeping with the sultry weather.

After chaffering awhile, for Bob's impudence was only assumed to justify a higher percentage, he consented to find the money—at six per cent. for three months—down upon the nail. While he was away to get the money, I sent for Uncle Henry to come and ratify the bargain. A simple memorandum of deposit of title-deeds was all that was necessary, and this I was not long in preparing; so that the affair was concluded at once, and the parchments handed over to Robert in exchange for ten thousand pounds in Bank of England notes, all soiled and limp, as if they had been a long while in circulation. It gave me a great deal of trouble to make a list of them, for they were of all denominations, and none of the same dates, or of consecutive numbers. I finished the task after awhile, and slipped the list into my portfolio. The notes I placed carefully within my safe, and locked them up.

Bob wrapped up his parchments in an old blue cotton handkerchief and hobbled off, casting many a regretful look behind him at my safe, as if it had been a sarcophagus where his heart was enshrined.

That safe, by the way, was a present from Uncle Henry, a capital one by a first-rate maker, and I was really pleased to have something valuable to put in it. Hitherto a simple cupboard would have answered my purpose just as well.

As soon as Bob was gone, Uncle Henry gave me instructions as to the disposal of the money. On no account was it to go through the bank. It must remain in my safe till the next morning, when I was to take it up to London myself, and retire certain acceptances then coming due, and get back the bills. My uncle was much pleased that I had managed the business so promptly, and gave me a check for fifty pounds for my services. He was in excellent spirits now. Cotton had seemed a trifle harder at that day's market, and should it rise a little more, he would be able, he told me, to put back the ten thousand pounds he had just borrowed, and clear as much more besides. In that case, he would settle a good part of the money on Kate, and we might be married as soon as we liked.

I went to bed that night in a happy frame of mind, proud of the confidence placed in me, with vague but pleasant dreams of future happiness, when I and Kate should be man and wife. But just at dawn I awoke in a horrible fright, perspiration breaking forth all over me. I had dreamed that somebody had robbed the office, and in the moment of waking it flashed upon me that I had left the duplicate key of my safe hanging on its accustomed nail over the fireplace in my office. For there I had got into the habit of hanging it, as I had a trick of leaving my keys at home, and found that the duplicate key obviated the inconvenience of not being able to get at my things. In the excitement of the day, I had forgotten about its existence.

I rose at once, although it was barely four o'clock, and walked down to my office at top speed. There everything seemed quiet and tranquil; the windows, grim and dusty-looking, blinked down upon me in a reassuring way. After all, my scare was uncelled for. There was scarcely the remotest chance in the world of thieves getting into the place, and if they did, would they be likely to find the duplicate key? There was no use in alarming the neighborhood by trying to wake up the housekeeper. Everything was firm and tight, the street tranquilly sleeping in the early sunlight. I would wait till six o'clock, and the world was astir again, and then go and secure the duplicate key. I walked about the deserted town, and refreshed myself at an early breakfast stall, and then, as the factory-bells were all jangling out, and the streets were filling with operatives hurrying to work, I presented myself at the door of the building that held my office. The housekeeper nodded at me amicably. No catastrophe had happened in the night evidently.

I ran up-stairs three steps at a time, darted into my office, and—casting a glance around to assure myself that everything was *in statu quo*—towards the fireplace for the key. It was hanging in its accustomed place. With a feeling of joyous self-gratulation, that no ill-effects had followed my carelessness, I proceeded in a leisurely way to open my safe, to assure myself of the safety of the deposit. Judge of my horror and dismay when I found that the notes were gone—clean gone.

To the first stupefaction of despair at the loss of my uncle's money followed an eager desire to be doing something. I must go to the police-office at once; the notes must be stopped; I had taken the numbers—where was the list? In my portfolio; that, too, I had placed in the safe; that, also, was gone. Nothing else was touched, the loose silver I kept there was intact.

Here was a blow that almost overpowered me. In addition to the loss of money, a loss of reputation would follow. What a pretty sort of tale I should have to tell, of a robbery in which the thieves had not left the slightest trace of their operations, where the objects stolen were notes of which I had retained none of the particulars. Those who knew me best might believe me, but certainly no one else would. Ten thousand pounds abstracted from an unlocked safe, the numbers not known, and no signs whatever of any unauthorized person having entered the premises! Should I believe such a story myself told of any third person.

One opening for hope occurred to me. It was possible that Bob Hargreaves had kept the numbers of the notes he had handed over to me. Howbent was only six miles away; I might be there and back before the hours of business commenced, in ample time, too, to telegraph the numbers to the leading banks. After some difficulty I found a cab, and started to drive there. A miserable, anxious drive it was.

Bob lived in a rough little stone cottage on a waste, untidy piece of land in the outskirts of the village of Howbent. Early as it was, he was already astir; I could see him through the window, cross-legged on his board, busily at work, stitching away at a cowskin waistcoat; even in the overpowering anxiety of the moment, I could not help a feeling of wonder at his employment, the rest of his apparel stood in so much more need of his labor. The ground was too soft to give warning of my approach, but my shadow falling across the window made him look up suddenly. Catching my eye, a deadly pallor came over his face, the corners of his mouth began to twitch, he jumped off his board and came to the door.

Bob stood in the doorway regarding me with an air of covert mistrust; then his eyes glanced eagerly around as if he doubted whether I were not accompanied. Seeing only the empty cab and its driver, waiting in the road, a hundred yards off, he recovered his self-possession and inquired my business. I asked him, eagerly, if he had kept the numbers of the notes he had paid me on the previous day.

"Why, what's amiss; haven't you?" parried Robert, with instinctive caution.

Something at this moment prompted me to equal caution. It struck me that Hargreaves would be more ready to give information if he thought that I was already possessed of it.

"Oh, I have the numbers," I replied, "but I

thought I should like to compare my list with yours."

"What, you've gotten a list, then?" cried Robert; "then what do you want more?"

"The notes have been stolen," I said, and then I went on to describe the circumstances of the robbery.

Robert listened with a sarcastic, incredulous smile that was very provoking, especially as I felt that this mental attitude towards the story was that which the whole world would speedily assume.

"Take my advice," he said, "go home and frame a likelier tale than that. Same time, if your uncle's in with you, I'm not one to spoil sport. There's one lee to begin with; if they took thy case with the numbers in it, how do you come to know 'em now?"

"I took a copy, of course," I replied, scarcely noticing the insinuation, or broad assertion rather, contained in Robert's speech; I was too broken-spirited. "But I must compare it with yours; oh, do give me the numbers, Mr. Hargreaves."

"Nay, I've gotten no numbers," he replied, sullenly; "what'd be the use of numbers to me? I'd work enow to gather 'em together, bit by bit, and one by one, without bothering about numbers. I'm no scholar either, for that matter."

With that he slammed the door in my face, and went back to his board, but I saw no sign of the cowskin waistcoat as I passed his window, dejected and crestfallen. Bob was sitting with his needle in his hand, gazing at its point in a kind of sullen reverie. In him was the last gleam of hope I possessed, and I could not give it up without another trial.

"I'm sure you could tell me something about them, Mr. Hargreaves," I cried to him through the window, "where you got them from, some of them."

"I tell thee what," said Bob from his board, "I swear my Bible oath I know naught more about thy notes, so go thy way."

There was nothing to be gained by wasting more time over Robert, and I drove away homeward, still more wretched than before. By the time we reached Middleton business had commenced at my uncle's warehouse, and, always early at his work, he was there himself busily occupied. The telling him was the worst part of the business, but he uttered not a word of reproach, and evidently fully believed my account of the matter.

Still, as he paced up and down his rooms with a gloomy, ashen face, I saw that the disaster was one that affected him bitterly.

"Have you told the police?" he asked, sharply, at last.

"No," I replied, "I am now on the way. I have only seen Robert Hargreaves since."

"Thank heaven you have not. The thing is bad enough; let us make the best of it. Not a word to anybody of the loss. Except Kate, you may trust her, but not another living soul."

My uncle was right, I could see, hard as it was to keep quiet. The tale of such a loss under these suspicious circumstances, at this especial juncture, would be fatal to his credit. As it was, he might be able to tide over his difficulties. He would go to London at once, and try to get the bills held over. And if cotton would only spring a little!

Already Uncle Henry was over the worst of his misfortune, and going about his business alert and composed. But for me, how could I bear the thought of the probable ruin—disgrace even—I should have brought upon my friend and benefactor! I kept up till I had seen him off by the London train. Then I hurried off to Kate to tell of the irretrievable misfortune, and to get a little comfort, where only comfort was possible from a woman's sympathy.

Kate, when I first told her my news, was overcome with grief and dismay. But she soon recovered presence of mind and courage, and tried to re-establish mine. It was possible to do something in the matter. If we could take no open measures to find out the thieves, we might try secret negotiations. Those who had stolen the notes would likely enough be afraid to cash them at once; perhaps they would be open to an offer, and appreciate the advantages of a good round sum, and safety therewith. Without loss of time, I inserted an advertisement in all the local papers and the London dailies, offering a reward of a thousand pounds for the recovery of the missing notes. But no result followed; whoever was in possession of the treasure made no sign.

Next day came back Uncle Henry from London, having succeeded in renewing his bills for another fourteen days. It was now the middle of June—on the third of July the delay would expire. There could be no further credit given, for things were getting worse and worse in town. Gillies and Co.'s failure had caused universal mistrust and want of confidence. But if cotton only sprang an eighth per pound all would be well.

Cotton did not spring, however, but fell a trifle instead. Failures were rife at Middleton as well as in London. The strongest firms were talked about, and Uncle Henry did not escape. Still, he carried on matters bravely; but when the fourteen days had passed, if there should happen no favorable change in the markets, things would be bad with him. I now bitterly regretted that the loss of the notes had not been made public. It would be a pretty story for my uncle's creditors, if he had to call them together—all the more improbable, too, as this would be the first that had been heard of it. But it was too late now to say anything about it; it would only precipitate matters, indeed, and destroy Uncle Henry's last chance.

(To be continued.)

EVADING THE LIQUOR LAW IN DENVER.

EVERY one who visits pleasant and well-built Denver takes a run down to Colorado Springs, on the Denver and Rio Grande narrow-gauge railroad, a distance of eighty-five miles. After inspecting the magnificent Garden of the Gods, the village of Maniton and the Falls at the head of the Ute Pass, the traveler is apt to acquire a thirst, which water highly impregnated with alkali will not quench; but, alas for the thirsty traveler! Colorado Springs is a temperance town. However, nothing is impossible to those who are in earnest. Close to the depot is a hostelry, yclept the Pike's Peak House,

where an announcement in English and German informs the wayfarer that meals can be had for the moderate sum of forty cents. Entering the house, one finds an empty room; a door in a wooden partition admits into an inner apartment, where four Hooiers are playing the interesting game of the "devil amongst the tailors." Presently a German approaches and inquires what is wanted, and being informed that there exists a laudable desire for lager-beer, he replies: "Shut put a quarter in dot hole, and do beer comes up quick!" Accordingly the tourist approaches a wooden wall, and perceives a slit in the board, dirty from use. He drops in a twenty-five cent piece and says, addressing no one in particular and speaking in a very sepulchral tone, "A quart of beer." With magic celerity a sliding panel is revealed, which goes up, and on a bracket there appears a jug of the foaming beverage. Taking it out, imbibing the contents, and replacing the jug and glass, the panel slides back into its place, and the truly Arabian Nights' entertainment is at an end. Subsequently the traveler is informed that anything in any quantity in the drinking line can be obtained in the same mysterious manner at this oasis for the thirsty traveler in the Temperance Desert.

President Barnard, of Columbia College, the Rev. Dr. Armitage, and a number of other gentlemen, left New York City on the 18th for a trip to the Rocky Mountains, stopping at Denver and Colorado Springs. This information will be valuable to them in case they should require any stimulants, as it will enable them to satisfy their thirst promptly and without embarrassing inquiries; for even their distinction will not secure them exemption from the Territorial liquor laws.

DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF THE BUSINESS CENTRE OF GALVESTON, TEXAS.

A FIRE broke out in the kitchen of the New York Restaurant, on Market, near Twenty-second Street, Galveston, Texas, at an early hour on the morning of June 8th, and was not extinguished until it had consumed nearly all the buildings between Market Street and the Bay. It started north and east, and after destroying a number of shops and retail stores on Market Street, crossed an alley and attacked the Grand Southern Hotel, and several frame buildings on the south side of Mechanic Street. A little later it crossed that street and the old Washington Hotel, Odd Fellows' Hall, Seeligson's Bank, the First National Bank, Marx & Kempner's wholesale grocery house, Jacobs & Beckhardt's wholesale clothing house, T. C. Thompson & Co.'s wholesale drug house, J. S. Brown & Co.'s wholesale hardware house, Banlett & Co.'s ship stores, Geo. Schneider & Co.'s wholesale grocery house, all on the south side of the Strand, were destroyed. Spreading beyond the Strand, L. & H. Blum's wholesale dry-goods house, A. C. Crawford & Son's crockery house, G. Seeligson & Co.'s grocery house, Friburg, Klein & Co.'s liquor store, D. T. Ayres's grocery, the Cotton Exchange, and other buildings were destroyed. The total number of buildings destroyed was 26, and the loss is estimated at \$1,525,000.

On searching the ruins after the fire was extinguished, the remains of one body, charred beyond recognition, were found. No other lives are known to be lost. There was quite a heavy insurance upon the property destroyed.

EX-JUDGE HENRY HILTON.

DURING the course of a long residence in New York City, Henry Hilton has become best known as the legal adviser of the firm of A. T. Stewart & Co., and the confidential friend of its late head. In his will the merchant-prince specially appointed Mr. Hilton to wind up his business affairs, and take the general management of his large estate, discharging all obligations against it, as well as himself, by reason of his position as a partner in the firm. For which services, and as a mark of his regard, Mr. Stewart bequeathed to him the sum of \$1,000,000, and designated him an executor of his last will and testament. This will, with two codicils, dated March 27th, 1873, was admitted to probate by Surrogate Calvin, April 14th, 1876, four days after Mr. Stewart's death. With the \$1,000,000 thus received Mr. Hilton purchased of Mrs. Stewart all her husband's personal interest in the property and good-will of the firm; and on the day the will was probated, he entered into a partnership with William Libbey for the purpose of resuming business, agreeing to continue under the name of A. T. Stewart & Co. In the discharge of the duties which devolved upon him by the terms of the will, Mr. Hilton has now the full management of all the personal property, public and private benefactions, of the deceased millionaire. To Mr. Hilton Mr. Stewart had frequently expressed his intention to make provision for various public charities, and it was his desire that he might live to complete the plans for the welfare of his fellow-beings which he had initiated. In a letter of instruction to his wife, he announced his dependence upon her to carry out his intentions as elaborated with Mr. Hilton. In accordance with his wishes, the work of building up Garden City on old Hempstead Plains, and completing the Home for Workingwomen on Fourth Avenue, is being hastened under the immediate direction of Mr. Hilton, who is, in addition, actively supervising all the other vast interests which Mr. Stewart had proposed as personal enterprises.

Mr. Hilton is a native of Orange County, N. Y., and now about fifty-three years of age. In 1857 he was elected Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, in New York City, and served until January 1st, 1864, when he was a candidate for re-election, but was defeated by Judge Cardozo. In 1870 he was appointed a Park Commissioner, in which capacity he served two years. He is of North of Ireland descent.

JOSEPH SELIGMAN.

MR. JOSEPH SELIGMAN, head of the banking-house of J. & W. Seligman & Co., is a native of Germany, and came to this country many years ago, first engaging in mercantile pursuits in San Francisco, Cal. At a later period, he established a large mercantile house in New York, with his brothers, Jesse and William, but always retaining the California trade as a leading branch of their business. The outbreak of the Southern rebellion in 1861 found the Seligman Brothers engaged in the lucrative business of shirt manufacturing; and, mainly through the influence of their friend, the Hon. E. D. Morgan, then Governor of New York, they succeeded in securing heavy contracts for the manufacture of soldiers' shirts. These contracts were continued for two or three years, their California business in the meantime proving highly remunerative. It was about 1864 that the now

well-known banking-house of J. & W. Seligman & Co. was established. Their connections in England and Germany at once secured them a leading position among the German-American bankers of New York. Mr. Joseph Seligman, while deeply engrossed in the affairs of his house, nevertheless always found time to pay considerable attention to religious and charitable societies. For a time he was one of the principal officers of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, and of the Fuel Society, working with indomitable zeal towards the erection of the magnificent asylum in Seventy-seventh Street, which to-day is one of the ornaments of New York. At a later period he was appointed a School Commissioner. While a member of the board, he always took an active interest in educational matters, until his appointment as Rapid Transit Commissioner, by Mayor Wickham, compelled him to relinquish that position. Mr. Seligman is a prominent member of the Chamber of Commerce, and a Vice-President of the Union League Club. During the greater part of the Summer he passes his leisure days at Long Branch, where he owns a magnificent cottage and grounds. His son, Isaac Seligman, is head of the English branch of the banking-house of J. & W. Seligman & Co., which is member of the Syndicate, organized about two years ago to place the United States Loans at a low rate of interest in the various money-markets of the world.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Declaration of a Holy War in Turkey.

On May 18th the Djihad, or Holy War, was publicly declared in the Mosque of St. Sophia, in Constantinople. The significance of the step cannot be overestimated when it is considered in connection with the excited state of the Turkish mind. It was followed by public prayers in the temples and synagogues of the non-Muslim residents of Constantinople, one of which, illustrated in this issue, took place in the Jewish quarter of the city at the lower portion of the Golden Horn. The Jewish synagogue of Balata, in which the ceremony was performed, is a magnificent edifice in the Byzantine style of architecture. It was built in 1732 through the liberality of two wealthy Israelites, and is one of the finest structures in the Ottoman capital.

A Mountain Battery Leaving Constantinople.

During the Abyssinian and the Loosha campaigns, the little mountain batteries of field-guns, carried on the backs of asses and mules, were found of great utility to the British Army, and for the defense of narrow mountain-passes they are, of course, of immense value. Thus the Turks have been organizing similar regiments for guarding the intricate passes of the Balkans, which the Russians will have to traverse if they succeed in crossing the Danube. Our picture represents the departure from Constantinople of a battery which, previous to leaving, is being paraded on the Taksim, the road to that favorite Spring resort, the Grand Champs.

The Cossack Troops of Russia.

One of our foreign pictures in this week's issue represents a scene in the great camp of the Cossacks at Barbochi, near Galatz. It is a trumpet sounding the call to "boot and saddle"—the signal for taking up the march. The Cossacks, it is said, though wonderful horsemen when mounted, are very slow in getting their horses, their arms and themselves into marching order. Three-quarters of an hour are usually required to rouse and set in motion a body of these wild-looking irregular cavalry. They are tall and stalwart men, some with fair hair and white mustaches, not of the Tartar type in face, but more like north-country people of Europe. Their uniform is a dirty blue tunic and breeches, with very clumsy boots, and a peaked cap of oiled skin, stuck rather sideways upon the head, which is covered with long matted hair, cut straight and square behind. The arms of the Cossacks are a long lance with triangular blade, a heavy sword and a carbine, and sometimes a revolver. They ride the roughest-looking but harliest ponies, sitting almost on the animal's shoulders, and with the shortest possible stirrups, raising the horseman's knees very high. The saddle is hung round with sacks containing rations or fodder, a cask of water, a rude wisp of hay or straw for bedding, portions of a rude tent and other matters, having a very unsightly appearance. Each sotnia, battalion or company marches under its own flag, dedicated to its patron saint, and is accompanied by its own pipers and singers of wild barbaric music. There were ten thousand of these cavalry in the camp near Galatz. Another sketch portrays one of the numerous uses to which the Cossack puts his uncouth-looking little pony, an animal as highly trained as a circus "trick" horse or a French poodle. Here, after making him lie down, his master uses him as a rest for his carbine, and at the same time as a rampart against any stray missile of the enemy.

The Chelsea Pensioners and Charles II.

It is pleasant to think that the witty, though withal wicked, "Nelly" Gwynne had some good traits of character which should lead her to find this home for decayed army veterans. Be it true or false, the fact that the hospital is there and was founded by Charles II. on March 12th, 1682, and built by Sir Christopher Wren, cannot be gainsaid. Over the Doric portico of the centre court runs a Latin inscription which tells all whom it may concern that this building was begun by Charles II., continued by James II., and finished by William and Mary in 1690, by a muster of the inmates, who, though infirm with age and wounds, still bore themselves bravely, and showed the unmistakable setting up of years of discipline, in front of the bronze statue of the "merry monarch," dressed in the guise of a Roman noble, which stands in this court, presented by Tobias Rustat, and said to be the work of Gibbons. It is still the custom to honor, in the same manner, the memory of the founder of the Hospital each year on the 29th of May.

An Artillery Duel between Widin and Kalafat.

Widin is a Turkish stronghold on the Danube, opposite Kalafat, in Roumania, which latter place has always been considered the key to Widin. The two strongholds have on frequent occasions combined to check the enemies of the Ottoman Empire, and prevent their crossing the Danube at this point. Unfortunately the Turks have this year allowed the Roumanians, who declared themselves independent of Turkey and joined the Russians, to occupy Kalafat, and mount its walls with heavy guns, which they first opened on May 8th upon ships passing down the Danube, and since have freely used by firing into the Turkish monitors, and even attacking the fortifications at Widin itself, as depicted in our illustration.

The Emperor William in Metz.

It is over three hundred years since Charles V., Emperor of Germany, visited Metz, then a free German city. He was the last German Emperor who went there before it was ceded in 1648 by the so-called Westphalian declaration of peace to France. Metz flourished under the French Government until 1870, when it was taken by the Germans, whose Emperor, William I., visited the down-trodden city on May 5th of the present

year. He was, of course, received frantically by his troops, concentrated in the citadel of Metz, and such civilians as had moved to the city from Germany, while all the native inhabitants of the place kept in their houses with closely closed doors and windows. After a review of the soldiery the German Emperor left on the following day to visit the different battlefields of the war of 1870, and on one of them—Rezonville—he cordially greeted Field-Marshal Von Moltke, by whose advice, on the day of the battle, the victory was gained by the Germans.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE run of salmon in the Penobscot this year is the largest it has been for twelve or fifteen years.

—THE area of cotton planted in the Southern States this year is four per cent. larger than that of last year.

—NEARLY all the papers in Southern Minnesota report a light frost on the 9th inst., but no material damage to crops.

—IN Florida a man who has lost an arm or a leg, no matter how, is exempt from taxation on his business, unless it be liquor-selling.

—PITTSBURGH has sent a shipment of five tons of pig-iron to Antwerp, which is looked upon as the beginning of a business revolution.

—IN the year 1831 1,215 foreign ships entered Alexandria, Egypt, for cotton, wheat, coffee, drugs, etc. The Pasha was the sole merchant.

—THE military authorities in Paris are ennumerating the horses and mules which could, in case of need, be pressed into their service.

—EARTHQUAKES or volcanic eruptions occur on an average nearly three times a week, in greater or less intensity, in some parts of the globe.

—A LYNCHBURG paper claims that there is not a more healthy city on the globe than that, while the deepest allanthus-tree flourishes on every square.

—WHEN you see a child that has no respect for his parents, you can make up your mind that either the child or the parents should be looked after rather sharply.

—THE manufacture of briar-wood pipes from laurel-wood is carried on in Warren, Pa. From eight to ten workmen are employed, and some three hundred pipes are made daily.

—THERE are in the New Hampshire Legislature 163 farmers, 36 merchants, 17 lawyers, 17 manufacturers, 6 blacksmiths, 9 lumber merchants, 7 mechanics, 4 physicians, 5 butchers, 5 druggists, but only 2 journalists.

—THE annual regatta of the Lake Champlain Yacht Association will take place at Fort Henry, June 30th, the centennial anniversary of Burgoyne's arrival at and occupation of old Fort Frederick, on Crown Point.

—THE negro is learning something about business. In Russell County, Ala., from January 1st to June 1st, 1877, five hundred and eighty-six mortgages have been recorded, the greater part of them given by negroes for small amounts.

—A LANDSLIDE in Schodack, N. Y., filled a creek and turned the water in a different direction. The owner of a mill further down sees the farmer who owns the land on which the slide occurred, to compel him to restore the stream to its former condition.

—THE old dispute, whether the name of the Prophet of Islam should be spelled Mahomet or Mohammed, has been settled at last. The Oriental scholars say that it should be spelled Muhammad. It will still continue to be pronounced in accordance with individual taste.

—SECRETARY SHERMAN has secured nearly forty vacancies by enforcing his blood-relation rule, and they have been filled for the most part from the South and West. It appears to be the general impression that no more serious changes will be made till Congress meets.

—THE Chicago Public Library contains 51,408 volumes, and is valued at \$80,000. The expenses of the year just closed were \$25,950. There are 40,059 names on the list of borrowers, and the number of visitors to the library and reading-room during the year was 750,000.

—THE full capacity of the salmon-curing factories in Oregon, on the Columbia River, for one season is 54,810,000 cans. This amount will not be reached this Summer. If hatching stations are not established, this season, says the *Oregon Astorian*, will be the last profitable one.

—THE Mohammedans of India are rallying to the support of the Sultan. Large meetings have been held, and collectors have been sent around to gather in contributions for the war. In Madras 2,500 rupees were collected in three days and placed in a bank for remittance to Turkey.

—AN Oxford University correspondent writes: "Polo has made its appearance here, and a club of some thirty or forty members has been organized, which provides a rendezvous for the rich. The expensive nature of this amusement makes it undesirable that it should spread among undergraduates."

—THE international conference on the question of resuming work on the St. Gothard Tunnel announces that \$8,000,000 are still required to complete the undertaking. Of this amount they propose that Germany contribute \$2,000,000; Italy, \$2,000,000; Switzerland, \$1,600,000, and the company, \$2,400,000.

—OFFICERS and criminals have many exciting encounters in Arizona, but few that are more thrilling than that between a sheriff's party and four stage-robbers near Eureka. There was a long chase on horseback, an exchange of about twenty revolver shots, and finally a hard fight with knives. One officer and two robbers were killed, and wounds were numerous.

—THE mocking-bird is becoming rarer in Georgia, by reason of their capture by the professional catchers, who sell them at the Northern market. Thousands are caught annually and shipped North, to be sold at high prices. A large cargo was shipped through Augusta, Ga., a few days ago, containing one hundred and fifty young mocking-birds not fully fledged.

—FRENCH publicists employ a regular staff of fighting men, who assume responsibility for articles reflecting upon individuals, while imprisonment resulting from censure of governmental affairs is borne by substitutes, who receive \$1 per week when there is no occasion for their services, and \$20 per week while in prison, the fines being paid by the journal prosecuted.

—A VIRGINIAN has just compiled a genealogy of the descendants of Pocahontas. During the course of his labors the representative of the "blue blood" incidentally gathered the pedigree of nearly all the prominent families in Virginia, and his investigations reveal the singular fact that nearly every family in the State of any duration of residence may be interlinked lineally or collaterally.



NEW YORK.—THE FRANK LESLIE TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROAD EXCURSION—NIAGARA FALLS AS SEEN FROM PROSPECT POINT.—FROM A SKETCH BY HARRY OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 301.

THE LAST OF THE MOLLY MAGUIRES.

EXECUTION OF ELEVEN MEN IN THE PENNSYLVANIA COAL REGIONS.

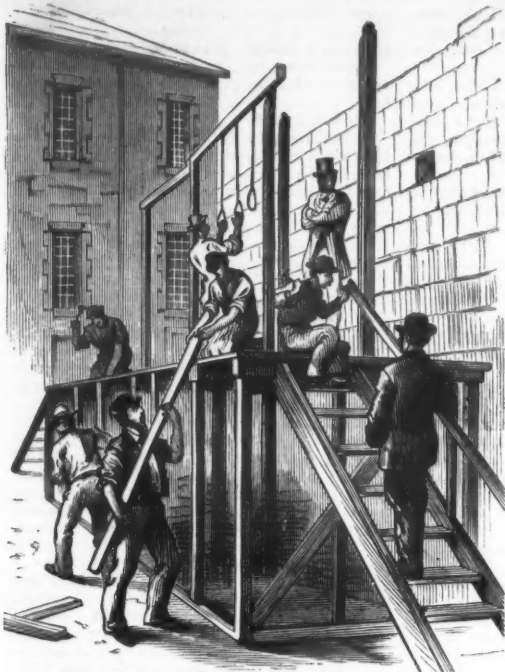
ELEVEN Molly Maguires, condemned for murders in the coal regions of Pennsylvania, were hanged on Thursday, June 21st, six suffering this extreme penalty of the law in the jail-yard at Pottsville, four in that at Mauch Chunk, and one at Wilkesbarre. Hopes had been entertained that the dread sentence of the law might be at least modified, either by the Board of Pardons or the clemency of the Governor. But the former, after thoughtfully considering all the pleas submitted by the several counsel, refused unanimously to interfere with the sentences of the courts, while Governor Hartranft recognized in the mass of testimony no grounds for the interposition of his high authority. There was, it is true, a slight indication that Duffy might possibly be innocent of the charge of actual participation in the murder of Policeman Yost, although he was considered the direct cause of it.

Governor Hartranft sent his private secretary, Webster N. Farr, to Pottsville with a reprieve for Duffy, which was to be used only in case one or more of Duffy's companions should, in the shape of statement or confession, exculpate him, or at least throw sufficient doubt on his absolute guilt as to make a further investigation, in the light of a statement of a dying man, advisable. Mr. Farr's instructions did not permit him to use the reprieve until he had communicated with the Governor by telegraph as to the character of any confession that might be made, and by return telegraph had received his order to use it. The Governor, therefore, awaited any such dispatch from Farr for several hours, and at 1:18 o'clock Farr finally telegraphed to him that Duffy and Munley had been hanged, and that nothing had occurred which gave ground for the interposition of executive clemency.

Our readers are familiar with the interior and exterior of the Schuylkill County Jail at Pottsville, by reason of the illustrations we have already published.

Rumors of a possible raid upon the jail having been thoroughly circulated, a body of State militia was ordered to the scene, and the police and Sheriff's forces were largely increased.

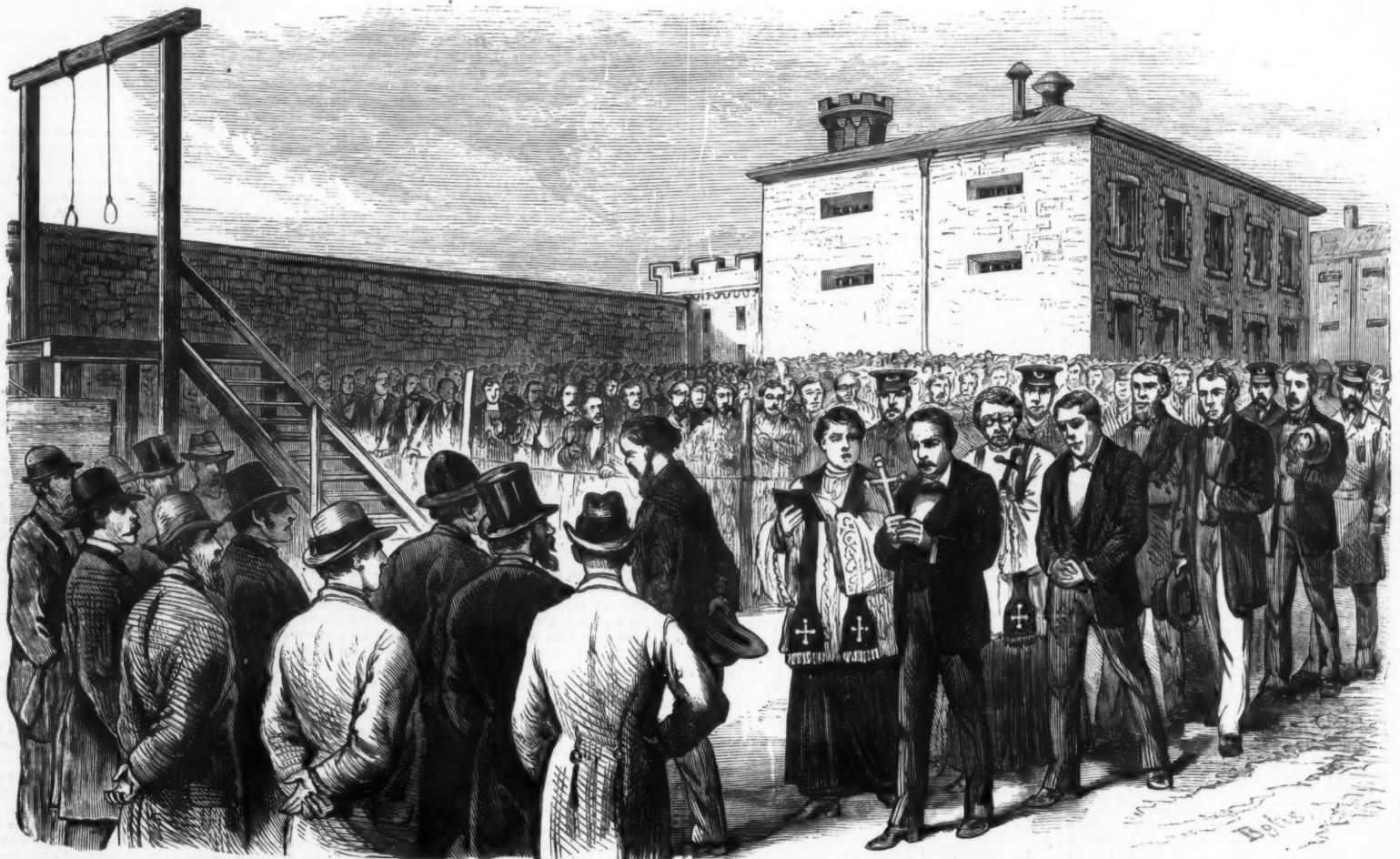
On the night before the execution, mounted police were sent out to assist the foot detail in patrolling the outskirts of the town, and sentinels were posted on the parapet of the jail. The condemned men were earnestly engaged in religious devotions until shortly after



ERECTING THE SCAFFOLD IN THE POTTSVILLE JAIL-YARD.



THE LAST DEVOTIONS, IN THE PRISON CHAPEL.



THE MARCH TO DEATH.



DUFFY'S FAREWELL TO HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS.



FRIENDS OF THE CONDEMNED MEN AWAITING ADMITTANCE TO THE JAIL ON THE MORNING OF JUNE 21ST.

PENNSYLVANIA.—THE MOLLY MAGUIRE MURDERERS AT POTTSVILLE—INCIDENTS OF THE LAST MOMENTS OF THE CONDEMNED MEN ON JUNE 21ST.
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

midnight. The priests and the Sisters then left them, and they laid down to rest. They all slept soundly until four o'clock on the morning of the 21st, when the barber arrived to shave them. McGeehan and Munley were nervous on arising, but the others manifested no emotion. After dressing, some of their relatives were admitted for the purpose of taking another final farewell. Munley's father, an old gray-haired man, walked all the way from Gardville, fourteen miles, in the night, arriving at the jail gates at four o'clock. Duffy's father and brother, and Roarley's wife, brother and two sisters were also admitted. Carroll's father and brother came on a later train. Munley's wife and mother did not arrive until too late, and were refused admittance. The parting scenes were of a very pious character. One of Munley's sisters ran shrieking hysterically up and down the corridors. Mrs. Roarley had to be carried out. An altar was taken from St. Patrick's Church and set up in a roomy, well-lighted cell within the prison. At seven o'clock Father McDermott celebrated Mass for Duffy, Carroll, and Roarley, and at half-past seven Father Gately said another for McGeehan, Boyle, and Munley. All six prisoners received communion, as did also Duffy's brother and Kate Boyle—Boyle's cousin—who is herself in jail for perjury. These were the only outsiders present. After Mass, breakfast was served, but nearly all confined themselves to partaking of a single cup of coffee. The religious exercises were resumed and kept up without cessation until the arrival of the fatal moment.

Time dragged along slowly for the expectant crowd of fully two hundred, waiting in the vicinity of the gallows until long after ten o'clock, the hour at which it was generally expected that the execution would take place. Meanwhile about two thousand persons congregated in the streets without, staring blankly at the jail walls, and speculating upon the scenes inside. Everybody was sober, the order for the closing of the liquor saloons having been generally obeyed.

At fifty-five minutes after ten o'clock the head of a small procession emerged from the door of the little room in which Mass had been said, and marched down along the brick walk past the new wing of the prison, a distance of about two hundred feet, to the gallows. Sheriff Werner marched at the head. Then came McGeehan, attended by the Rev. Father Walsh, and Boyle, with the Rev. Father Beresford. On each flank walked deputy sheriffs. Behind them was a detachment of the Coal and Iron Police. Boyle carried a huge red rose in his left hand, and frequently raised it to his nose. He also wore a great white rose in a button-hole. McGeehan carried in one hand a small brass crucifix, and in the other a little porcelain statuette of the Mother of the Saviour. In his buttonhole were two big roses, pink and white. Upon ascending the scaffold he put the statuette in his pocket, and soon afterwards pocketed the crucifix and received a large crucifix from the priest. Both men were decently dressed. Boyle looked around, and up at the sky, which was gray and gloomy, but McGeehan fixed his gaze upon the crucifix, which he kissed from time to time, and upon the prayer-book, from which Father Walsh read, in a clear voice, the words of earnest appeal presented by the Church for those about to die.

After the reading of the Litany of the Saints and prayers, the condemned men pressed their lips to the crucifix, kissed their spiritual fathers and the warm-hearted assistant warden, shook hands with Sheriff Werner and Warden Beale, and bade all good-by.

Both men made brief speeches, and were then handcuffed and strapped, while the white caps were being placed over their heads. The nooses were speedily adjusted and the men left standing alone.

Meanwhile, the two solid supports underneath the trap were noiselessly removed, and at ten and a half minutes after eleven o'clock, the knee-jointed support, being bent by the pull of a rope given by the concealed executioner, fell to the ground, and, with a dull thud, the heavy doors dropped back against the straw bag placed to deaden the sound, leaving the two bodies dangling in the air. At five minutes past twelve another procession appeared, moving, as the first had done, from the door of the improvised chapel to the scaffold. The condemned who now faced the gallows were Roarley and Carroll, the former accompanied by Father Gately, the latter by Father Beresford. They mounted the platform at six minutes past twelve, and for some minutes stood there listening to prayers read by the two priests in union. Roarley wore red and white roses in the lapel of his coat. Carroll wore no roses. He stood erect and placid, and even smiled pleasantly as he recognized some friend in the crowd. Roarley cast furtive glances at the spectators. Each man held a crucifix. As the fatal moment drew near Roarley grew pale, gave little gasps nervously, and occasionally, with a trembling hand, wiped his brow and lips. Carroll remained cool, and when bidding good-by to the warden did so with an agreeable smile. They, too, made short addresses. The trap opened, and the two bodies made their frightful downward plunge to death at 12:20. They spun round as those before had done. At 1:11 the third procession appeared at the upper end of the jail-yard. Duffy, handsomely dressed, with a small white rose on his breast and a crucifix in his hand, walked with a firm tread towards the gallows. By his side walked the Rev. Father McGovern. Following them came Munley, side by side with the Rev. Father Dessman. The gallows upon which Roarley and Carroll suffered had been put in shape again, and over its platform to the middle scaffold marched the doomed men. When the religious exercises were over, and courteous farewells had been given to those about, Father McGovern asked Duffy whether he desired to say anything. Duffy replied, with a smile: "No, there is nothing to say."

"Nothing?" assented Munley, calmly, with a little bow to the priest. At 1:20 o'clock the trap fell again; and the sickening, whirling movement, due to the ropes not having been properly stretched beforehand, followed. At 1:31 both men were dead. Ten minutes later the gallows had been cleared. The bodies were placed in coffins for delivery to friends and relatives. McGeehan's was shipped to Summit Hill, Duffy's to Newkirk's, Boyle's and Roarley's to Lan-ford, Carroll's to Packerton, Carbon County, and Munley's retained for burial in the Catholic cemetery at Pottsville. Edward Kelley, "Yellow Jack" Donahue, Michael J. Doyle, and Alexander Campbell, were hanged together at Mauch Chunk.

The town was quiet. Many families, expecting a conflict between the troops and Mollys, had fled from their homes. The militia guarded the neighborhood of the prison, and the Coal and Iron Police were stationed in the jail.

Each man was accompanied by a priest. Mass had been celebrated within the prison, and the last prayers of the Church were recited at the gallows. Kelly, Doyle, and Donahue were unflinching. Campbell nearly fell from his knees to the floor of the platform, but instantly he recovered self-possession, and was afterwards as firm as the others. Each was given an opportunity to speak.

Sheriff Raubenbush personally saw that each noose was properly adjusted, and then the great, baggy white caps were drawn over the men's heads and all except the condemned left the platform. While all four men stood stolidly under the gallows-beams, without a signal or word from any one, the Sheriff and his assistant pulled the rope that drew the bolt from under the trap. There was a loud crash as the platform fell, a thud as the bodies dropped to the end of the ropes, and the four men were swinging and circling round and round, their feet a few inches from the floor.

In plan and execution the hanging was perfect. The shackles were removed and the bodies cut down and placed in coffins as soon as life was extinct.

Andrew Lanahan was hanged in the yard of the Luzerne County Jail, at Wilkesbarre. The gallows was of the old-fashioned kind, a drop platform, and had been used several times. At about twenty minutes past ten Lanahan, with his arms pinioned, and carrying a crucifix and a red-bordered handkerchief, stepped out from the watchman's room. At his sides were Fathers O'Harren and Donohue. Following were Father Nagle, Sheriff Kirkendall and Deputy-Sheriff Charles Erath. The procession moved slowly to the foot of the gallows, and then paused for a few moments. Then the party ascended the thirteen steps to the platform. Lanahan walked firmly. He betrayed no nervousness. He and Fathers Donohue and O'Harren knelt, and the last rites of the Catholic Church were solemnized. His neck was broken, and he died in eight minutes.

BEAUTIFUL AS AN ARCHANGEL.

BY
BURKE O'FARRELL.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(CONTINUED).

AT last he came, after she had looked at her watch for the hundredth time, and compared it with the wonderful piece of Swiss mechanism on the mantel piece—after he had broken off her song a score of times to listen, with a beating heart, and the color coming and going in her cheeks, believing that she heard the distant sound of his horses' hoofs, when it was only the longing impatience of her own fancy that deceived her; then, at last, he came. Faintly—very faintly, at first—through the melancholy silence of that windless, starless night, came the sound of wheels; then it grew louder and louder, till, at last, they rolled swiftly beneath the window, and drew up before the portico. She could even see the flash of the groom's lantern, as he ran round from the stables to look after the horses.

Then, through the loud throbbing of her heart, she heard the echo of that firm, manly tread in the hall; and the next moment he stood before her, tall, majestic and handsome as an archangel, the brave, dark-bearded hero of her soul. Vainly—oh, how vainly!—she struggled to be calm and composed, to keep the tall-tale blushes from dyeing her cheeks, and the radiant light of happiness from laughing in her glorious eyes, as she rose and went to meet him; but it was impossible, and all her soul's great passion of love and joy was legibly written on her lovely face, as she put both her hands into his.

She looked so beautiful, so surpassingly fair, as she stood there in the ruddy firelight, with the flamelets flickering on her simple white dress, and her happy face upturned to his, such a clear, sweet vision of grace and beauty, that he was almost undone, and it required all his great power of self-restraint, all his noble sense of honor and integrity, to prevent him from clasping her to his breast, and pouring forth the whole tale of his infinite, ineffable love, with a thousand passionate kisses pressed on her cheek and lips and eyes; and, for one moment, the whole force of his man's nature rose up with almost irresistible power, and impetuously he would have thrown himself on her mercy and love, and ask her to share his fate, even as under any circumstances he would willingly have shared hers.

But he conquered the temptation, and simply permitted himself to take her hand. To a casual observer the action would have seemed almost cold, compared with the warmth of her kind reception.

"You have come, at last!" said her ladyship, joyfully, with her hands still in his.

"At last! Am I late, then? I'm sure I make a thousand apologies!" said Mr. Fiennes, in surprise.

"Oh, no! only five minutes," answered Lady Diana, blushing crimson, as she glanced at the clock. "But—I don't know why—the time seemed so long. I suppose it was because I was alone."

"Ah! Lady Diana, how kind it is of you to grant me this last favor," he said. "I shall never forget your goodness, or that of the duchess's, till the last day of my life."

"You must be marvelously gratified for very small boons, then," answered her ladyship, laughing in the excess of her gladness, as she tried in vain to meet the look of those dear, dark eyes, without letting him read so legibly the language of her own. "What have we done to merit your lifelong gratitude, Mr. Fiennes?"

"More than I can ever tell you, dear Lady Diana," he replied, softly; "and I feel as if I could never sufficiently thank you for granting me this interview, or the duchess for permitting it to take place at her house. Oh! Lady Diana, I could not have borne to leave England and you for ever without telling you my sad history, and learning from your own lips that you do not condemn me utterly, or think me destitute of honor and honesty, nameless and degraded as I am. When time and distance and fate, and man's injustice and God's decree, which visits the sins of the fathers on the children, combine to separate us for ever; when the sea rolls between us, and the uttermost ends of the earth divide us; when I have left this room and the door is closed behind me, and I know that never, never again in this world shall I look upon your beloved face or hear the sound of your dear voice, save in my dreams—that never again shall I listen for your footsteps, or long for your coming, till we meet for ever on the threshold of that Land where there are no more farewells—then it will be my last and only consolation of my weary banishment to know that you think of me sometimes with pity—as one who was more sinned against than sinning."

"Separation! banishment!" faltered Lady Diana, with a changing face, from which every morsel of color had fled, even to the lips. "Oh! Mr. Fiennes, what can you mean?"

"I mean, dearest Lady Diana, that I have come to bid you a long farewell—a farewell that must last for ever," he answered, gently. "I leave Fiennes Court by the mail train to-night, and to-morrow I shall have left England, never to return."

She looked at him speechlessly, with an anguish of despair in her eyes, but no word came; her senses seemed deserting her.

"Did you not know that it must be so, dear Lady Diana?" he asked, taking her cold hand gravely and tenderly in his own again. "Did you think that I could stay to be cut by every one, and have the story—the pitiful, perverted story—of my shame thrown in my teeth at every step; to be stared at as if I was an infamous criminal at large, and shunned like a pest-stricken wretch? Ah! no, Lady Diana; for those, and other reasons more pressing still, I must go."

"I—I—I—will you—excuse me a moment? I don't feel very well!" she murmured, and turned away towards the door; but, before she reached it, her limbs gave way beneath her, and she sunk down on a sofa in a dead faint.

Michael Fiennes was beside her in a moment, bending over her in mortal terror and wild self-reproach, as he endeavored to raise her up in his strong arms.

"What is the matter? Oh, for heaven's sake, speak to me, my love, my darling!" he cried, passionately kissing her hands as he chafed them in his own. It was some minutes before she showed any signs of animation; but life came back at last, and then followed floods of wild, hysterical tears, and sobs that convulsed her whole frame as she lay buried amongst the cushions. "Don't, darling; don't cry so bitterly or you will break my heart. Your sobs are rending my very soul, Diana!" he whispered, in a voice of agony. His arms were round her at last—those loving, powerful arms—and he had raised her from her position of wild abandonment to the shelter of his great, broad, faithful breast, which heaved passionately beneath her cheek. "Diana, are you sorry to lose me? Do you really love me, darling, as I love you?"

He bent over her softly, caressing her golden hair and kissing away the tears from those long, sweeping lashes with his dark-mustached lips. And all she could do was to bury her face in his neck and sob out a wild, passionate prayer that he would "stay with her—only stay with her!" Gradually she became calmer, her violent grief began to abate, and at last she lay, worn out, yet at peace, with her head on his shoulder.

"Are you better now, my own precious one?" he asked, kissing her wet eyelids with ineffable tenderness.

"Ah, yes!" she answered, with a faint smile, as her sweet lips returned his caress. "Oh! Michael, what must you think of me?"

"I could not possibly tell you, darling; that is beyond the power of poor, weak words to express," he replied, with all his wealth of infinite love shining out of his luminous dark eyes as they rested on her face. "I think of you as an angel—and yet as a woman—a vision of beauty and love and happiness more exquisite than anything my poor, yearning fancy has ever pictured in my wildest dreams. And I love you—oh! my love, don't ask me how, for I could never, never, tell you!"

"Then you will not break my heart by talking in that cruel way about leaving me again?" said she, while her beautiful, soft arms stole lovingly round his neck, and she drew his face down to her own for another kiss, which thrilled through his soul and body with an ecstasy impossible to be described.

"Nay, nay, my own darling, that is the very reason why I must leave you," he answered. "Think of what I am, love, and of what you are. How could I dare to ask you—yes, who are so far above me as the stars—to descend from your throne and be my wife? How could I have the presumption, the cowardice and the egotism, to persuade you to share the lot of one so lost and degraded as myself?"

"And why not?" said Lady Diana. "What do I care for the world, or any one in it? I love you, Michael, with all my heart and soul and strength, and you only. I loved you from the first moment I ever saw you, and I always shall love you through time and eternity."

"God bless you, my darling!" he murmured. "But the sacrifice is too great; I am not yet lost enough to honor to accept it at your generous hands."

"Ah, Michael, you do not love me, then!" said her ladyship, reproachfully.

"I do not love you? I? Oh, Diana!"

"No. The love that would not sacrifice all earthly things for the sake of its object is no love at all. Look at me, Michael; if our positions could be reversed, and it was I on whom the world looked coldly, would you, then, abandon me?"

"Never, my love, my life, my all!" he answered, passionately straining her closer to his breast. "I would cleave to you all the more faithfully."

"And that is what I intend to do," said she, twining her arms round his neck, and holding back her head to look into the depths of his grand dark eyes. "Nothing on earth or under the earth shall induce me to sign my own death-warrant and give you up, Michael—no, not even yourself. Oh! Michael, you are my life, my heaven, my love, my all; say you will not banish me from your presence—'tis only in that I live. If you must go into exile, let me go with you; any place on earth will be paradise to me, so that you are there. Promise me, darling."

"I do promise you, my love, my wife!" he answered, solemnly. "God Almighty bless and keep you, darling, and grant that through life unto death I may prove worthy of the treasure He has this night given me."

Then, for the space of a few minutes, a happy silence fell between them; and Michael Fiennes sat gazing into the fire, with both her hands locked fast in his own, as he softly played with the diamond hoops on her willing fingers.

"What are you thinking of, my husband?" she

asked, presently, as she watched the expression of his grave, dark eyes, shadowed by their heavy lashes, in which the quiet firelight was shining.

"Shall I tell you, my darling?" he said, smiling, as he drew her closer to his breast and kissed her.

"Yes, tell me."

"Well, then, I was thinking that it is you who have given me everything—I who have given you nothing; for I have nothing—no, not even a name to bestow upon you, my wife, or the little children who may be born of us."

"You are wrong, my husband," she answered, blushing deeply, as she raised his hand—that large, white, aristocratic hand—caressingly to her lips. "In love, those who give everything and those who give nothing are equal, for each have given their all. For your sake I have given up the world—the hollow, miserable, unsatisfying world—with all its petty schemings, its paltry ambition, its great unrest; and you have given me happiness, Michael, happiness so great, so deep, so perfect, so exquisite, that if I had ever doubted the existence of a heaven before I should believe in it now. Oh! Michael, my own husband, my love, my darling, if all the joys of my whole life could be condensed and crowded into one moment, it would be nothing; absolutely nothing, compared with the bliss I am feeling now. I would rather sit beside you and hold your hand in mine, and look into your dear, dark eyes for one short half-hour, than be the greatest queen that ever reigned on earth!"

"How eloquent you are, my darling!" he answered, smiling fondly down upon her ardent face. "Ah! love, I wish I could only find words to express my feelings, but it is impossible; my heart is so full, so brimming over with joy and rapture and love, that I cannot speak—I can only feel; forgive me, then, my wife, if in these moments I am dumb."

"I forgive you," she answered, softly, as she laid her cheek caressingly against that grand, dark beard. Then, in a minute, she said: "But we are forgetting your history, Michael."

"That is true," he whispered, with a sigh. "Ah, Diana, the shame and the bitterness of the telling have passed by, for I am sure of your loving sympathy beforehand now."

So they drew their chairs up to the hearth and sat close together, he with his strong arm encircling her beloved form, and her hands locked tenderly within his own. And so he told the miserable story of his life by the dreamy firelight, while Lady Diana, with her head on his shoulder, lay and listened to the grave, sweet tones of that familiar voice, which sounded like some deep music in the pleasant stillness, in the glow and the shadow of that quiet boudoir; and the heart which beat so near his own went forth in a passion of very love and pity to sympathize with him in that sorrow which words were feeble to describe.

When the confession was ended her arms stole round his neck again, and all the fervor of her ardent soul was breathed out in the kiss she pressed to his dark-mustached lips.

"But, after all," said she, "the dishonor is not your own, Michael; it is but the reflected shame of another's name."

"Hush, darling!" he interrupted, laying his hand on her lips. "Remember that other was my own father, and that I loved him tenderly. To me, too, save in that one thing, he was the best of fathers. His love for me amounted to idolatry almost, and it was that love, mistaken as it was, that led him to conceal my miserable secret from me so long. All that man could do he did to repair the wrong he had done me before I was born; through the whole of our life together he lavished his wealth upon me as few fathers have done with their best beloved legitimate sons, and at his death he left me the whole of his fortune without reserve."

"Forgive me, Michael, my love; I did not mean to wound your feelings," she answered. "All that I meant to say was, that the dishonor is not your dishonor. It does not touch you—it does not defile you, or leave one breath of stain on the shield of your spotless integrity. You are what you are, Michael; nothing can alter you."

"Unfortunately, the world does not judge as you do, darling."

"Never mind the world," she answered, earnestly. "Let us despise it, let us shut the door in its face. What will it matter to us how the storm howls without, or the rain beats on the window-panes; we shall be together in the warmth and the shelter, my beloved, by the fireside of that home which our love will make for each other in our hearts when those hearts are one."

"Ah, my angel, my consoling angel!" returned Michael Fiennes, pressing her to his heart, "truly, thou hast a golden mouth! Who could resist the might of thy eloquence, when that eloquence is inspired by love?"

At this moment the door opened, and Madame la Duchesse appeared, ready dressed for dinner.

"Ah, ça! I perceive that matters have righted themselves, and the crooked questions have become straight. Pray do not disturb yourselves, or take the trouble to appear as if you both had been sitting conversably on the opposite side of the hearth-rug. Ah! Monsieur de Fiennes, do you believe me now, or do you still take me for blind and sotté?"

"Duchess," answered Mr. Fiennes, kissing her hand gallantly, "I take you for my guardian angel, or, at least, the good fairy of my whole life!"

"Eh bien! then come to dinner. I arrived to announce it myself, thinking it best not to send Saumade under the circumstances."

CHAPTER XXXIV.—TOLD IN THE "OWL-LIGHT."

THE first days of Michael Fiennes's engagement with Lady Diana passed happily away, for he was her husband.

Her ladyship had had high words with Mrs. Craven, who was mad with impotent rage and jealousy; she utterly refused to make Mr. Fiennes any apology for the way she had treated him on the memorable day of the meet at Gawley Scrubs, or to receive him at her house. The upshot of the affair was that Lady Diana left Heronsmere immediately and took up her abode with Madame la Duchesse, who, delighted with the success of her scheme, like a wicked little Machiavelli as she was, received the recreant lovers with open arms,

and the consequence was that Mr. Fienness spent nearly the whole of his time at the duke's hospitable little hunting-lodge.

Every morning they used to ride out together through the lovely Spring lanes—moss-grown and damp, where a few early violets were beginning to struggle into existence beneath the decaying leaves of last year—the grooms keeping at a very discreet distance behind them, and the pale February sun smiling its benediction on their happy heads as they passed along. In the afternoons they used to drive with the duchess to Knewstun or elsewhere, or stroll about the fir-woods in the park by themselves; and in the evening they sat together in the cozy drawing-room, trifling with portfolios of etchings and photos, or while away the delicious hours at the grand piano, although the duchess, who was always prudently buried in some naughty French novel on these occasions, heard a great deal of whispering and very little music.

Michael Fienness was happy, happy with a boundless, infinite, rapturous happiness that almost seemed too transcendent for earth, and which exceeded the brightest dream of his golden manhood; all his heart, soul and senses were absorbed in his devoted, passionate love for his betrothed wife, and he had no heartrending misgivings that his bliss was too great to last, no gnawing fears that something might happen to separate them, for he rested on her love with perfect trust and confidence, knowing that no earthly power could drag her from his heart and arms.

Directly their engagement was announced Mrs. Craven and the marchioness had telegraphed to Lord Aylesford, who came down from town in hot haste, and in a state of mind more readily to be imagined than described at the news that his sister—the most beautiful woman in Europe almost, and the proudest, who had been asked in marriage by a prince of the old blood royal, an English duke and an Irish earl—had at last, after keeping him in a fever of suspense for three years, bestowed the honor of her hand and heart on a man who was not only without a title, but even without a name. Unfortunately, the marchioness was well aware of the fact that he had not the smallest control over her ladyship's actions; she was of age and her fortune was entirely at her own disposal; moreover, he knew by experience that she had a will of her own, and that when once she had made up her mind to anything it was utterly impossible to turn her from her purpose.

He arrived at Heronsmere late one evening, and immediately summoned his errand sister to his august presence. The interview was a long and stormy one, although his lordship at once perceived that Lady Diana was immovable as a rock. The marchioness next saw Mr. Fienness—he drove over to the Court for that purpose. Mr. Fienness was also immovable, but he was noble and courtly and polished as ever. Lord Aylesford expected to meet a handsome adventurer, an elegant swindler, and he determined to carry matters with a high hand; nay, as he drove along past the gray park palings of Fienness Court, he even condescended to the interview beforehand, and thought of the threatening eloquence he should use to the delinquent—who would, no doubt, stand trembling, or else insolent, before him—and of the forcible manner in which he should depict the enormity of his presumption in seeking to contract an alliance with the daughter of such a noble house. Then the carriage passed through the vast lodge-gates of Fienness Court, and drove swiftly up that cathedral-like avenue of gigantic oaks, beneath the grim iron teeth of the frowning porticulis, black as the Traitors' Gate, and so on into the solemn stillness of the great courtyard beyond.

Lord Aylesford's eyes took in everything, and unconsciously the atmosphere of ancestral grandeur began to steal like a subtle influence over his senses, as he was conducted across the vast, echoing hall, dark with eternal shadows, by a polished and impassible Polish servant, who trod noiselessly and spoke irreproachable French. He was not kept waiting long, and he had scarcely had time to cast his eyes round the lofty and splendidly furnished library before Mr. Fienness entered, calm, handsome and serene, with majesty written on his firm, white brow, and noble gravity in his luminous dark eyes. Half an hour after Michael Fienness and his future brother-in-law, the most noble Marquis of Aylesford, were conversing in quite a friendly manner; and, before the worthy peer left Fienness Court, he was induced to give his full and entire consent to the marriage which he had come to mar.

"It was only making a virtue of necessity, after all, Constantia, you know," said Lord Aylesford to his wife. "If I had not given my consent she would have married him without, and it will make less of a nine days' wonder if her family countenances the match. Eighty thousand a year and a place like Fienness Court, too! Really, matters are not so bad—they might have been worse!"

"And Mr. Fienness is such a nice man, too—such a perfect gentleman," said Lady Aylesford; and she sat down immediately and wrote the kindest possible little note of congratulation and good wishes to Mr. Fienness.

So happiness smiled on Michael Fienness at last, and there was no cloud to overshadow his joy—that joy which had been bought and paid for by such suffering and humiliation. The whole county rang with the news of his good fortune, as it had rung with the tidings of his disgrace. Lord Addington was almost beside himself with joy; he came down from London on purpose to felicitate his son, as he persisted in calling our hero; and the Duke of Kingstown, spending the first weeks of his honeymoon in Paris, wrote off, by the first post, to congratulate his friend. "You have won your honors loyally," said His Grace, "and will no doubt wear them proudly. Ah! Fienness, the day is not far distant when I would have given my hopes of heaven for what you now possess, and yet I do not grudge you the bliss that was never destined to be my own, for you are the only man on earth, I believe, who is worthy of her!"

Yet, notwithstanding this, her ladyship and Mr. Fienness determined to leave Essex immediately after their marriage, which was fixed to take place in May. It would be too late then for Rome, and Lady Diana knew Florence, Naples and Venice by heart; so they determined on going to Spain for their wedding-tour, a country which they had

neither of them visited, and where they intended to spend several months in wandering about from city to city, to view, at their leisure, the departed glories of Madrid and Seville and the old Moorish relics of Grenada and Alhambra. Fienness Court and its neighborhood had many painful associations that Michael longed to turn his back upon; he longed to leave the county, and the county people—with their petty pride and selfish jealousy, their scandal-monging and prying curiosity, their littleness and private piques, their narrow-minded prejudices and spiteful, slanderous coterie, amongst which reigned envy, hatred and malice unutterable—longed to leave them all behind him, the further the better, and be alone with her in some deep retirement—peopled, it might be, this solitude of a crowd, and yet solitude—where, far removed from all who knew them, or whom they knew, he might enjoy her presence undisturbed, and lose himself in the calm, deep rapture—never ending, still beginning—of their heaven of wedded love.

Michael had communicated to her ladyship his quixotic plan of restoring Fienness Court to the last lineal descendant of the ancient race, and of so perpetuating its glories to future generations.

Of course matters were entirely altered now, and he understood that such a restitution would be an act of injustice to her, and to the children unborn whom God might send them, but still the wish remained in the bottom of his heart. To his surprise, however, she entirely concurred with him.

"Let us give it up," said she; "we shall both be happier in having sacrificed ourselves for the honor of that glorious old name which you love so much, and are so worthy to bear. Besides, husband mine, you know we are going to leave the world, and live only for each other. We shall not want such a large rent-roll then, and my fortune will prevent us from missing that which we shall give up."

"I have no words, darling, strong enough to thank you for your chivalrous generosity," he answered, kissing her hand with that noble, courtly grace of his which seemed to belong to another age. "I will do so by accepting this sacrifice as I have done all the rest," and he went away to communicate with his solicitors, Messrs. Molleram & Pollock, of Bedford Row, and set them to discover the whereabouts of his erratic kinsman, Rakewell Fienness.

One afternoon our hero had been for a long ride with his betrothed, and was returning home to dress for dinner, previously to again adjourning to the duke's hunting-lodge, when he overtook Lord Addington just beyond the village of Heronsmere, and the two friends rode on together.

"By-the-by, Michael," said the viscount, "who do you think I had an agreeable little conversation with the other day, after I had been with you?"

"I am sure I cannot possibly say," returned Mr. Fienness, smiling.

"Well, it was with an old acquaintance of yours—a charming individual of the *beau sexe*," answered Lord Addington. "I was going home from the court, by a short cut through the home-woods, and met her prowling about in the gloaming like a she-wolf; really, she quite startled me."

"I suppose you mean Miss Skinner," said Mr. Fienness, smiling.

"Precisely so, my son; the dashing ex-burlesque actress and danseuse, herself. Of course I stopped to speak."

"You?" repeated Mr. Fienness. "What could you possibly have to say to her, Addington?"

"Oh! I could not think of letting such an opportunity slip by without giving her some token of my profound admiration. I told her she was an angel. One of those dusky angels which, since their fall, we have called devils. I told her she was a fiend in petticoats, who had tried to encompass the ruin and degradation of a man who had done her nothing but kindness—a man who had had her in his power, and who had gone out of his way to do her a great service, against the advice of his friends—a man who had her in his power still, and who still spared her, in spite of all that she had done to injure him. I told her, furthermore, that I had had her in my power, and that if it was not for you, and your entreaties, I would let every one in the county know who and what she was, with the whole history of her little affairs with Lieutenant La Touche. And I also told her that if ever she dared to set her infernal ingenuity to work to injure you again, I would ruin her in spite of you. After that I left her. You should have seen the glare in her eyes; it must have been the reflection of the hell in her soul. If she could have killed me at that moment, she would have done so with pleasure."

"I have no doubt she would," answered Mr. Fienness, laughing. "I have been the honored recipient of several of her amiable looks before now, I can assure you. Really, Addington, I sometimes shudder when I think how narrowly I escaped the coils of that woman. If it had not been for my darling, I believe she would have dragged me into matrimony by some spell of her numerous black arts."

"And murdered you afterwards," returned the viscount. "But is it not a strange coincidence that Claude La Touche should have been the instrument of betraying your secret?"

"It is the justice of God," answered Mr. Fienness, sadly.

"By-the-by, Michael, have you ever told Lady Diana that part of your history?" asked Lord Addington.

"No," answered Michael. "I do not feel that it concerns her, or even myself, for that matter, and I have an invincible repugnance to speak of it; somehow or another it seems like an insult to my mother and a slur on my father's memory."

"Nevertheless, I would tell her, Michael; you never know what may happen; it would come better from your lips than if she learnt it by accident. The world is very scandalous, walls have ears, and servants will talk, even the most discreet. I heard a tolerably slanderous story not two months back of a mysterious lady, with a foreign accent, and a thick veil—a lady whom nobody knew or had ever seen before, and who paid you a visit at the Court after nightfall. Every one was talking of it under their breath. Well, take my

advice; you are going over to the duke's to-night; if an opportunity occurs tell her the whole affair, and keep nothing back."

"Thanks, Addington, for your counsel," answered Mr. Fienness. "I will certainly act upon it, and that at once."

"And I'll stake long odds you won't repent it," said the viscount.

(To be continued.)

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Bullion Field of Montana.—The bullion product of the Territory during the year 1876 may be stated as follows: Gold dust and bars, \$3,925,000; silver bullion, \$320,000; silver-copper ores, \$180,000; silver-lead ores, \$250,000—total, \$4,675,000. According to W. A. Clark the total bullion yield of Montana since the first discovery of mines in 1862, including 1876, has been \$145,000,000. The largest yield was \$18,000,000 in 1865.

The Berlin Anthropological Society.—The Anthropological Society of Berlin have made arrangements to take a simultaneous census of the number of the blonde-haired and blue and gray-eyed children, as opposed to the brown and dark eyes and hair, and on this occasion measurements will be made of the size of the skull and the shape of the head of such scholars as have reached maturity. The former census was not considered sufficiently accurate to afford the basis for reliable scientific deductions.

Artificial Sea in Africa.—The proposal to make an artificial sea of Central Africa and by this means to convert the desert into a means of communication between different parts of the Continent is again under discussion. Captain Roudaire, a French engineer, has made a survey of the locality, and has presented his report to the Academy of Science, stating that there is no obstacle whatever to the actual completion of the project. M. de Lesseps has heartily entered into the proposal, and, as all opposition on the part of the Academy has been removed, there is some prospect that the work will be undertaken.

A Great Chess Congress.—It is proposed to hold a grand chess tournament in Leipzig on the 8th of July, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the chess jubilee of Professor Andersen, who for a long time was the best chess-player on the Continent, and was one of the few persons who was able to beat Paul Morphy. It is expected that the most celebrated European and American chess-players will take part on this occasion, and that games will be played among them for the championship. Very earnest wishes are expressed that Mr. Paul Morphy will consent to meet his old antagonists, and thus add special distinction to the occasion.

Aniline Poisoning.—The writer of this paragraph wore a new felt hat for one day, and though it did not press on his forehead he had a severe headache. An eruption appeared, attended with swelling, proceeding in some parts to suppuration. The eyes also became inflamed and almost closed, and the swelling extended more or less over the whole face. The immediate application of a wash, composed of glycerine and ammonia, destroyed the poison and healed the swelling. On examination the brown lining of the hat was found to be colored with aniline dye, containing poison. The hat manufacturer was at once notified, and measures taken to call in the dangerous wares, and to stop further manufacture.

Death of a Celebrated Botanist.—On the 12th of January, 1877, the celebrated botanist, Dr. William Hofmeister, died at Linden, near Leipzig. The remarkable fact in his career is that he was self-taught, never having received a University education, being to the end of his days a partner in the music firm of Hofmeister & Co., in Leipzig, and at one time a clerk in the business. Born in 1824, he early displayed a taste for botany, and so distinguished had he become that in 1863 honorary degrees of Doctor of Philosophy were conferred upon him, and he was made full professor at the University of Tübingen, from whence he removed in 1872 to Heidelberg. He was the author of numerous works on botany, and was a member of the leading Academies of Science in Europe.

Death of Professor Pogendorf.—John Christian Pogendorf died in Berlin, on the 23d of January, 1877, in the eighty-first year of his age, having been born in Hamburg, December 29th, 1796. The deceased early distinguished himself in the department of chemistry and physics, and his researches in galvanic electricity have proved of especial value. He was appointed Professor of Physics in Berlin in 1834, and made a member of the Royal Academy of Sciences in 1838. Since 1824 he has been the editor of the *Annales der Physik und Chemie*, familiarly known as "Pogendorf's Annals," a monthly journal of science which has been uninterruptedly published from 1790 down to the present time, and contains the original memoirs of the most celebrated chemists and physicists who have lived in that long period. Professor Pogendorf was related by marriage to Henry Rose, and was the intimate friend of the two Roes, Ehrenberg, Ritter, Mitchellich, Magnus, Von Buch, Humboldt, Dove and Woeber, all of whom, excepting the two latter, have preceded him to the grave. He was a man who rendered great service to the cause of chemistry and physics, and his loss will be severely felt in all parts of the world.

Japanese Mushrooms.—One of the industries of Japan is the cultivation of mushrooms, large quantities of which are exported from that country. Much skill has been brought to bear on their cultivation, notably by cutting off the trunks of trees and forcing the growth of the mushroom on them—the tree known as the shii giving the best results. About the beginning of Autumn the trunk, about five or six inches in diameter, is selected and cut up into lengths of four or five feet; each piece is then split down lengthwise into four, and on the outer bark slight incisions are either made at once with a hatchet, or the cut logs are left till the following Spring, and then wounds seven or eight inches long are incised on them. After the logs are thus prepared, they are placed in a wooden grove where they can get the full benefit of the air and heat. In about three years they will be tolerably rotten in parts, when they are placed against a rock, in a slanting position, and by the middle of the ensuing Spring the mushrooms will come forth in abundance, and are then gathered. The logs are kept and submitted to the following process: Every morning they are put in water, where they remain till afternoon, when they are taken out, laid lengthwise on the ground, and beaten with a mallet. They are then ranged on end in the same slanting position as before, and in two or three days mushrooms will again make their appearance. When the logs are beaten so heavily that the wood swells, mushrooms are induced of a more than ordinarily large growth. If the logs are beaten gently, a great number of small-sized mushrooms grow up in succession. The mushrooms thus grown are stored in baskets lighted under. Afterwards they are put in small boxes and carefully dried, at a uniform temperature. The dried products are much liked by the Chinese, and largely consumed by the Japanese; they retain their flavor for a great length of time, and thus bear transport to any distance very well.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Dr. EREN TOURJÉN has been elected President of the Music-teachers' National Association.

MISS MARIA DE JESUS JUAREZ, daughter of the late President Juarez, was recently married in Mexico to Mr. José M. Sanchez.

THE ex-Sultan Murad is said to be perfectly restored in health, and much popular excitement is therefore said to exist in the interior of Turkey.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL DEVENS has accepted the invitation to deliver the oration when the Army and Navy Monument at Boston is dedicated, next September.

MADAME RATTAZZI has contracted her third marriage, her latest spouse being Don Louis y Rata, a very rich Andalusian of thirty-five, a member of the Cortes and eminent engineer.

THE malady of which the Queen of Holland died was a chronic affection of the heart. She was much troubled by shortness of breath, and last year could only walk with great difficulty.

MOODY and SANKEY are to begin a new revival at Baltimore about September 1st, to last a month, and if successful, longer. Afterwards the evangelists propose resuming their work in Boston.

THE University of North Carolina, in its recent Commencement, conferred the degree of LL.D. on Rev. Charles F. Deems, pastor of the Church of the Strangers, and editor of *Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine*.

BISHOP LITTLEJOHN, of Long Island, will lay the corner-stone of the Episcopal Cathedral at Garden City on the 28th inst. The edifice will be erected by Mrs. A. T. Stewart, and be a memorial to her late husband.

ARNOLD BUFFUM, the well-known archaeologist, and Mrs. Buffum, of Boston, were at Athens on the 26th of May last, where they examined the treasures recently discovered by Dr. Schliemann at Mycenae.

MME. MARIE AIMÉE estimates herself to be worth \$250,000. She says she will remain on the stage but three years longer, and expects then to be worth \$400,000, with which she will retire to private life.

THE Emperor William, on learning of Minister Washburne's resignation, resolved to present him with his life-size portrait, in acknowledgment of the protection given by Mr. Washburne to German subjects in France during the war of 1870.

ABOUT a month ago the Chevalier Lazzarini left Rome to take the Judgeship at Vallo. He has not since been heard of, and as he is the third magistrate who has disappeared under exactly similar circumstances, the mystery is all the deeper.

CHARLES CROCKER, one of California's quintet of railroad magnates, has expended \$450,000 for a house and grounds at Nob Hill, San Francisco. D. D. Colton's, Mark Hopkins's, and Leland Stanford's properties, in the same locality, each cost between \$500,000 and \$800,000.

THE Director of the Mint has been instructed by the Secretary of the Treasury to have two first-class medals cast for Colonel J. Schuyler Crosby and Mr. Carl Fosberg as testimonials to their brave conduct in saving human life at the time of the sinking of the yacht *Ma-hawk*.

MAJOR PETER CHARLES L'ENFANT, who was one of General Washington's officers, and who planned the City of Washington, lies in an old graveyard on the farm of Mr. Riggs, almost forgotten. It is suggested that the citizens of Washington should erect a monument to him.

SIR MING COOK, formerly a resident of New Bedford, has been appointed by the Imperial Government of China Vice-Consul-General in this country, to reside in San Francisco, and to have the rank of Mandarin. Mr. Cook came to this country, to get an education, in the ship *Crystal Palace*, Captain Simmons, in 1860, when he was about fourteen years old.

HON. JOHN PETTIT died at Lafayette, Ind., on the 17th ult., aged nearly seventy years. He had been United States Senator, Representative in Congress and the Legislature, Mayor of Lafayette, Judge of the Circuit Court and Supreme Judge of Indiana, and had held numerous subordinate positions. He was United States District Judge of Kansas Territory at the time of the Border Ruffian troubles in 1854.

By the death last week of the Grand Duke Louis III. of Hesse, a daughter of Queen Victoria attains sovereign rank. The Grand Duke's brother, Prince Charles, has waived his succession in favor of his son, Prince Louis of Hesse, who now becomes Grand Duke of Hesse as Louis IV. The new sovereign was born in 1837, and was married in 1862 to the Princess Alice of Great Britain, now Grand Duchess of Hesse.

LORD DUFFERIN, Governor-General of Canada will set out on his visit to Manitoba and the Northwest Territories during the first week in August. He has already visited Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island and British Columbia, so that the coming excursion will complete his grand tour of the Dominion. On his return, in October, Lord Dufferin will put his house in order for his return to Great Britain next May. His horses, carriages, furniture and other private property have already been disposed of.

THE Queen has made three new field-marshal—Sir William Rowan, aged eighty-eight, who served under Moore, at Walcheren, in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, and commanded the Canadian garrison in 1849-'55; Sir Charles Yorke, aged eighty-seven, who fought in the Peninsula and at Waterloo and in the Caffre war, and has for the last two years been Constable of the Tower; and Lord Strathairn, aged seventy-four, who served in the Crimea and got a peerage for aiding in suppressing the Indian mutiny.

THE late General Charles Frederick Henningsen was a man of striking appearance, being tall, erect and soldierlike in his bearing. He was over six feet three inches in height, and always wore a black, close-fitting suit of clothes that had the appearance of a half-military dress. He was a gentleman of scholarly attainments, and spoke the French, Spanish, Russian, German and Italian languages with great fluency. During his last days he was greatly reduced in circumstances, but had many kind friends, among them Colonel Albert Pike, who looked after his welfare.

MME. CHANZY, the daughter of the Governor-General of Algeria, has just been married to the son of another French official, and one detail of the ceremony is interesting. The young couple signed the marriage register with a pen which had once belonged to Pius IX. When quite a child Mlle. Chanzy was presented one day to the Sovereign Pontiff by her mother. "Holy Father," said the little girl, with the simplicity of her age, "I should like to take away with me a souvenir of Rome." The benevolent old man smiled at the infantile demand, and taking up a pen lying on the table near him, presented it to the child, after blessing it, and said, "Take this, *mon enfant*, it will serve to sign your act of marriage."



NEW YORK CITY.—EX-JUDGE HENRY HILTON.—SEE PAGE 303.



NEW YORK CITY.—JOSEPH SELIGMAN.—SEE PAGE 303.

THE COLUMBIA-HARVARD BOAT-RACE AT SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

WHEN it became evident last Winter that there would be no regatta this Summer under the auspices of the Intercollegiate Rowing Association, the crew of Columbia College, New York City, sent a challenge to Harvard to row at any place and date after June 26th. A formal agreement was drawn up and signed by the captains of the two crews for

a race on the Connecticut River at Springfield, Mass., on Tuesday, June 26th.

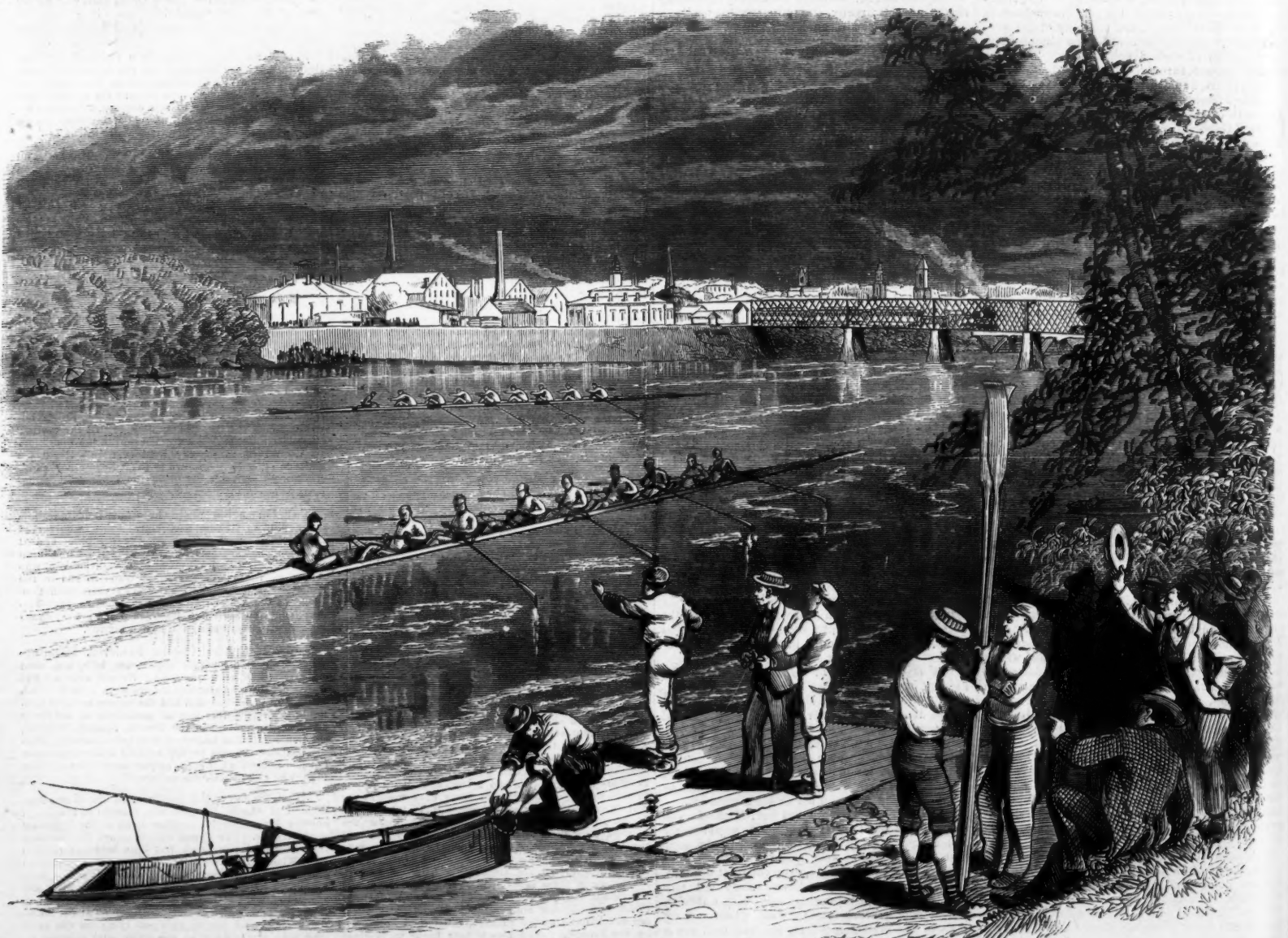
The course is the four-mile one on which the race between Harvard and Yale will be rowed on the 29th. It begins very near the lower end of Hampton Park, and, passing the city, terminates opposite a beautiful grass-plot, about half a mile below the Longmeadow Station, and below the finish last year. The lot opposite the finish last year is now a plowed field, but the lot where the grand stand is to be

erected is all grass-land, thus insuring freedom from dust and a much pleasanter time for everybody.

The Harvard crew have been in training for their double contest since February, while the Columbias, who were the challenging parties, were limited to a month, the last week being spent at the course at Springfield. The Columbias are unaccustomed to an eight-oared boat; their strength, as previously demonstrated, lies in the fours; but they were agreed that if they succeeded in giving the Har-

wards a race close enough to be interesting, they would be heartily satisfied. Their crew is composed of the following:

Row—Edmund Kelly, New York City; Law School.
No. 2—Charles Eldridge, Mamaroneck; Academic Department, '79.
No. 3—John G. Murphy, Middletown, Conn.; School of Mines, '77.
No. 4—Cyrus Edson, Fordham Heights; Academic Department, '80.



MASSACHUSETTS.—THE COLUMBIA AND HARVARD COLLEGE CREWS PRACTISING ON THE CONNECTICUT RIVER, AT SPRINGFIELD, FOR THE GREAT CONTEST OF JUNE 26TH. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



MARYLAND.—CONFEDERATE MONUMENT IN WASHINGTON CEMETERY, AT HAGERSTOWN, DEDICATED JUNE 12TH.

No. 5—Henry C. Ridabock, New York City; School of Mines, '79.
No. 6—Romulus R. Colgate, New York City; Academic Department, '80.
No. 7—Edward E. Sage, Spuyten Duyvil; School of Mines, '77.
Stroke—Jasper T. Goodwin, New York City; Law School.
Substitutes—R. R. Livingston, New York City; Law School, '80. F. D. Browning, Rhode Island; School of Mines, '80. G. P. Seeley, New York City; School of Mines, '79. Herbert P. Brown, New York City; School of Mines, '77.

The Harvard crew is composed of the following: Bow, Alvah Crocker, '79; 2, N. M. Brigham, '79; 3, B. J. Legate, '77; 4, W. M. Le Moine, '78; 5, F. W. Smith, '79; 6, W. H. Swartz, '79; 7, M. R. Jacobs, '79; Stroke, Wm. Bancroft, '78.
While practicing on the Harlem River the Columbus were coached by George Reeves, a graduate of the College, and at Springfield the bow oar, Edmund Kelly, acted as coach.

CONFEDERATE CEMETERY MONUMENT, HAGERSTOWN, MD.

THE new Confederate monument in Washington Cemetery, Hagerstown, Md., was dedicated on Tuesday, June 12th, and the graves of the Confederate soldiers decorated for the first time. There was a large attendance, and a programme of exercises of a deeply interesting character. Fitzhugh Lee, a Major-General in the Confederate Army, delivered the formal speech.

The monument is nineteen feet high. The pedestal is of gray Richmond granite. The plinth, of Scotch (Aberdeen) granite, light brown of various shades, dappled with black and gray, and very highly polished. It was prepared as it is in Scotland. The figure is of white marble (Italian). On the front of the plinth is the inscription simply: "The State of Maryland has provided this Cemetery and erected this monument to perpetuate the memory of the Confederate dead who fell in the battles of Antietam and South Mountain." On the side in view in the engraving: "The State of Virginia has contributed towards the burial of her dead within this cemetery;" and the same on the other side with regard to West Virginia. The form of the cemetery, as inclosed by the drive, is that of a broken heart. The paths all lead from the monument, the ground sloping downward therefrom. A row of white, tall urns, with flowers and flower-beds between, encircle the graves, with clumps of evergreens appropriately arranged at places.



ILLINOIS.—NATURAL BRIDGE ON THE CAIRO AND ST. LOUIS RAILROAD, IN JACKSON COUNTY.—SEE PAGE 310.

TWO-STORY HORSE-CARS ON SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

LAST Fall the Sixth Avenue Street Railroad Company had two excursion-cars constructed for use on their line, which received the name of two-story cars because of their unusual style. They were run a short season and then laid up. Last week they were brought out, the increased travel of the warm weather offering a fine opportunity for testing their utility. They are about the same in length and width as an ordinary car, but on each platform is a stairway which leads to the top of the car. The roof is the part intended for smoking. Two rows of seats run along the middle, facing the sidewalk, and in front of them is an iron railing which affords excellent accommodation for passengers' feet. A canopy is stretched overhead, being about seventeen feet above the level of the street. The interior is of hard-wood finish, polished and varnished. The braces, bolt-heads, door-handles, and even the match-scraper, are nickel-plated. The seats are of fine polished wood, perforated; the nail-heads mounted and burnished. The two benches on the centre of the roof are placed so that passengers will sit back to back.

These cars have one commendable improvement, in the shape of a guard before the front wheels. It is a broad iron strap attached to the under edge of the car, extending to within an inch of the track, thus sheathing the wheel, and acting as a sweeper of the rail. No human leg, nor any object larger than a walking-stick, can get under the wheel.

ORIENTAL HONORS TO AN AMERICAN INVENTOR.

THADDEUS FAIRBANKS, the inventor of the scales bearing his name, who some time ago received from the Emperor of Austria the knightly Cross of the Imperial Order of Francis Joseph, has just been the recipient of the Decoration and Diploma of Nishan-el-Iftikar, of the grade of Commander, from the Bey of Tunis. He is the only American manufacturer upon whom this honor has been conferred. Mr. Fairbanks was born in the town of Bromfield, Mass., and is now in the neighborhood of eighty years of age. In the latter part of 1829 what was known as the "hemp fever" broke out in New York and Vermont. The farmers entered largely into the cultivation of the article, but the enterprise was ultimately a disastrous failure. Mr. Fairbanks lived in one of the districts where a great deal of hemp was raised, and the difficulty of weighing it by the old-fashioned method first suggested the idea of devising a more convenient kind of scale. He at once gave his atten-

tion to the science of weighing, and produced a rude apparatus which he suspended in a building, and, after trial, improved upon it until he settled upon the principle of leverage on which the present platform scale is based. His invention was patented, June 13th, 1831, and the various improvements since made in it are covered by some thirty patents. During the past forty years the



COMMANDER'S DECORATION OF NISHAN-EL-IFTIKAR CONFERRED BY THE BEY OF TUNIS UPON THADDEUS FAIRBANKS.

growth of the firm has been so rapid, that were the various patents to expire to-day, its manufacturing facilities and immense business would still enable it to defy competition, not only at home but abroad. Mr. Thaddeus Fairbanks is one of the few inventors who has lived to enjoy the fruits of his skill. The diploma which accompanied the decoration



NEW YORK CITY.—THE NEW TWO-STORY CARS USED ON THE SIXTH AVENUE RAILROAD.



TEXAS.—GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE BUSINESS PORTION OF GALVESTON AFTER THE GREAT FIRE OF JUNE 8TH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BLESSING & ROSE.—SEE PAGE 303.

from the Bey is engrossed in Arabic, the following being a translation:

No. 1291.

PRaise TO GOD ALONE!
L.S.

From the servant of God (may His name be glorified) who relies on Him and leaves to Him all his earthly affairs.

Mohammed es Sadok Fa-ha Bey, Possessor of the Kingdom of Tunis, to the Honorable and Honored

MR. THADDEUS FAIRBANKS,

Inventor and maker of the Fairbanks Scales.

In compliance with the request of our Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs, and on account of the merits which distinguish you, we send you this decoration, ornamented with our name, and which is of the second class (Commander) of our order Iftikar.

May you wear it in peace and prosperity.

Written the 7th Babia-Elawel 1294 (March 23d, 1877).

KHERADINE,

Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Mr. Fairbanks received the highest medals at the World's Fairs at London, 1851; New York, 1853; Paris, 1867; Vienna, 1873; Santiago, Chili, 1875; and Philadelphia, 1876.

NATURAL BRIDGE, JACKSON COUNTY, ILLINOIS.

JACKSON COUNTY, ILL., is justly noted for its great natural wealth of bituminous coal, its rich, fertile land, fine timber, and other natural resources. The attention of artists of national reputation has been frequently attracted by the natural and very picturesque scenery: yet one of the greatest curiosities has been thus far overlooked by them. This is the natural bridge, located in a dense forest in Ridge Township, on the line of the Cairo and St. Louis Railroad, about one mile west of the track between the stations of Pomon and Eltham. The bridge is composed of a pure sandstone formation, lies in strata, and is one hundred feet in length on top and seventy-six from one abutment to the other. It is about thirty feet high and is nine feet broad on top. The average thickness of the span is about nine feet, being large enough for a wagon and team to cross. The span is not curved, but is nearly horizontal, being perfectly smooth on the under side. It is certainly worth a visit as one of the wonders and beauties of nature.

FUN.

ADVICE to too many people—How to make home happy—leave it.

SOME one says that the test of true love in Wisconsin is permitting a young man with measles to kiss his sweetheart.

INTERVIEW between two guests in full-dress at an evening party: "Beg pardon, are you the waiter?" "No, sir; are you?"

THIS is the season at which the amazed washer-woman clutches a painful nest of fishhooks in the soiled pantaloons of juvenile Americans.

THE intelligent compositor who was responsible for the statement that "Adelina Fatti is growing stout," is still pursuing the evil tenor of his weight.

A NEW YORK State tramp was throwing stones at a train of cars when an engine came along and divided him into sixteen pieces and a bunch of bones.

THE average Mexican now rises betimes, pokes his head out of the window and cautiously inquires of the first passer-by, "Who's President this morning?"

"My dear," said an affectionate wife to her husband, as she looked out of the window, "do you notice how green and beautiful the grass looks on the neighboring hills?" "Well," was the unpoetic response, "what other color would you have it at this time of the year?"

A GERMAN lost his wife, and the next week married again, and his new wife asked him to take her out riding. He felt indignant that she should have to more respect than that for his deceased wife, and said: "You think I ride out with another woman so soon after the death of mine?"

A GENTLEMAN not unknown in literary circles was present at one of the Pope's receptions. The holy father approached him and said: "You're American. Are you a Catholic or Protestant?" "Holy father," replied our friend, "I am neither a Catholic nor a Protestant: I'm a journalist." His Holiness laughed heartily and moved on to some one else.

BROWN—"Hullo, Jones! What's the matter?" Jones (amateur tenor)—"Oh, dreadful chronic inflammation of the larynx! Lost my voice entirely." Brown—"Dear me! You don't mean that?" Jones—"Yes; been obliged to give up singing altogether." Brown (with alacrity)—"By George, look here, old fellow! Come and dine with us to-night and spend the evening."

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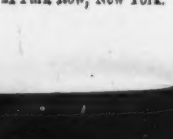
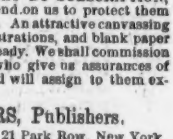
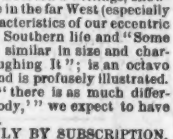
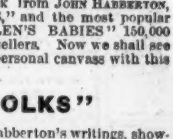
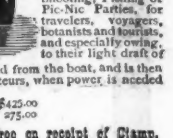
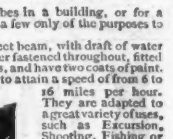
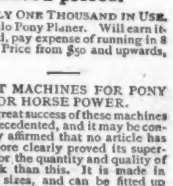
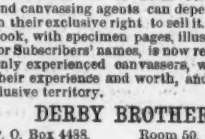
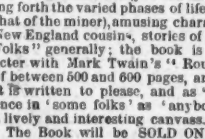
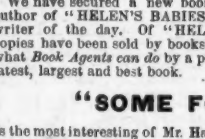
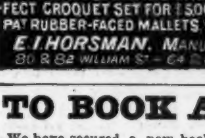
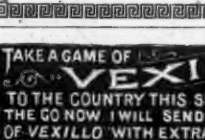
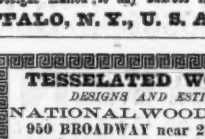
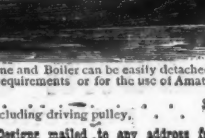
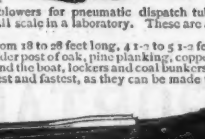
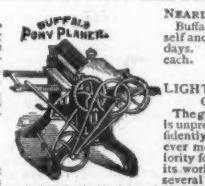
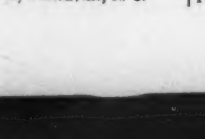
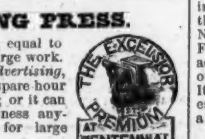
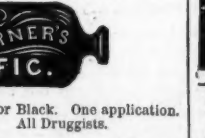
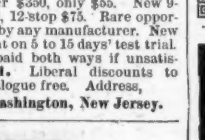
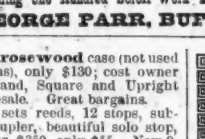
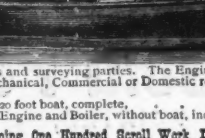
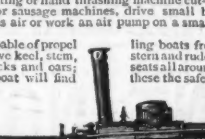
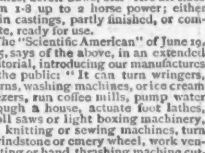
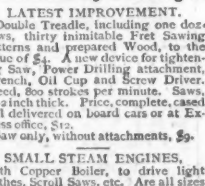
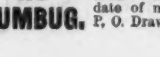
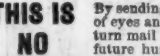
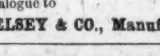
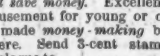
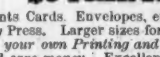
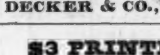
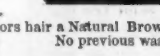
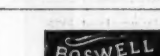
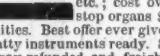
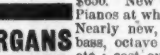
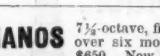
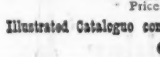
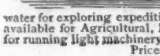
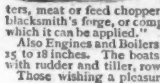
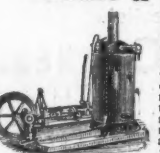
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